

Feb.
(1927, /~~Jan~~. Cairo to Alexandria.

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Tuesday, Feb. 1, clear and warm. I retired after 1 a.m. and was up at 7 a.m. We left Cairo on a special train provided by the government for Alexandria, but with stops between to inspect cotton gins, presses, and other equipment and methods of handling Egyptian cotton. The route was through a country mostly new to me, perfectly flat, green with berseem clover and wheat. The berseem was knee high and was used both for forage and green manure. Occasionally there were date palm groves and we saw a few orchards of mandarines. We passed several large villages only a few miles apart. The houses were made of adobe brick and were small and dirty looking. There did not seem to be as many pedestrians on the roads as usual, but occasionally one saw gangs of men working in the fields or roads.

My companions in the compartment were German, including a very angry woman, apparently wife of one of the men, who talked incessantly.

At 11 a.m. we reached Kafi-El-Zayat, which is a large ginning town on the lower Nile. Our train stopped on a siding near one of the largest establishments. The yard was piled high with 120-pound sacks of seed cotton. ~~This cotton.~~ From these yards the sacks were carried by a mechanical conveyor to automatic weighing machines in a warehouse as long as a city block, in which were about two hundred gin stands to separate the seed from the fiber or lint. At the farther end of the building the lint was discharged, spread out on the floor, watered heavily with a hose, and then went into small hydraulic presses.

From the gin room the delegates were conducted to a large tent colored with oriental patterns in the grounds nearby. The ground was covered with green burlap. There were camp chairs for all, and to one side was a long table covered with wines and cakes that were quickly served. At a signal the delegates returned to their compart-

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Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

J. W. Smith

Secretary

to the

ments on the train. ^PAt 1 p.m. luncheon was served on the dining car. While it was being served the train ran across to the other side of the town. Here we inspected another large ginnery. ^PAt 3.30 p.m. I returned to my compartment on the train, having seen all that was to be seen. From my seat I had a fine view of the Nile which made a great bend about half a mile away. On the river were several boats with their queer and very tall three-cornered sails standing out clearly against the sky. Also silhouetted against the sky were several groves of stately palms. ^PPresently my German companions returned. The gentleman was a pompous individual and could ^{speak} ~~spea~~ English. He soon began speaking in a sneering tone of voice very disparagingly of American cotton and the attempts of the Americans to grow two crops of cotton the same year. He said this with a scowling face and an insulting manner, knowing that I was an American. Looking him full in the face with a smile I said, "You have been to America, of course?" He stared at me and grunted inaudibly. "Will you please answer me, yes, or no," I insisted. He grunted out "Ni~~en~~en." "Certainly," I said, "Ni~~en~~en it is. I knew that when you made the statement that American cotton is of poor quality and that two crops of it are grown the same season on the same ground in the United States. The moment you made that statement I knew you were a ^b ~~per~~man ignoramus. Do you know what ig-no-ra-mous means?" "Ni~~en~~en," he answered and his eyes were distinctly hostile. "Listen carefully," I proceeded slowly and distinctly so that he could understand, "an ignoramus is a person who is so ignorant that he does not know whether he speaks the truth or a falsehood, so ignorant that he does not know whether his manners are good or bad. You, Sir, ^{are} ~~and~~ a fine good example of an ig-no-ra-mous." Still he gazed at me with hostile eyes. I ^{continued to} ~~still~~ smiled, because the look on his face was funny, and then I added, "Listen, mi~~en~~en freund, I grew up in the cotton fields of

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the United States; for ten years I was the cotton statistician of the United States; I have seen cotton growing in all the southern states of the United States, and in South America; I have been associated with cotton specialists for more than twenty years; and I have inspected cotton exchanges, boards of trade, and cotton spinning mills. I think I know something about cotton, especially about growing cotton in the United States. Perhaps you would be good enough to tell me what you, an ignoramus, think you know about cotton." He got up slowly without answering and went out. Shortly afterwards he returned with a porter who began to take out the German's luggage. The German stuck his head in the door to see if the baggage was all out. I looked up and sang out, "R-R-r^ause mit-tem." The head disappeared. Thereafter I had the compartment to myself, which was a relief, because of all races a big, beefy, prosperous German can emanate more gratuitous insult simply by his manner than any other I have met. Also I observed that "mein Deutsches freund" carefully ^ravoid^{ed} meeting me or my glances ~~thereafter~~.

Presently the train started. There was a beautiful sunset.

At 6.30 p.m. we arrived at a small station ten miles out from Alexandria. The train stopped and there was a rush to get out. I asked one of the Egyptian delegates if the train went on to Alexandria, and he said no, that every one was expected to get out and go to the Hotel Stephano. So I got a porter to look after my luggage, and took a taxi to the hotel. It was a ten minute run to the hotel. The grounds about the hotel were extensive and ornamental and the hotel itself was a typical seaside resort, and I realized that it was near the beach. I found the office crowded with people registering for rooms. When I finally reached the desk the clerk said I would have to wait a few minutes. There was great confusion and the group of those told to wait steadily grew larger. I went into the lounge

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and had a whiskey and soda and a satisfying smoke. & Half an hour later I again inquired at the desk and again was told to wait awhile longer. The confusion was worse confounded. Another half hour elapsed and still there was confusion. Disgusted with all this mismanagement I stepped outside just as two lorries came up with the baggage. It was piled in helter-skelter. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Of course, mine was near the bottom. As the pieces came out I rescued them, called a taxi and was driven to the Majestic Hotel in Alexandria where I was given the room adjoining the one I had previously occupied. After washing up I had a good supper and was thankful I had escaped from the confusion of the Hotel Stephano.

For entertainment I walked a few squares to a small music hall. I listened for awhile to some dismal music and watched the one dancer, a middle aged negress, teeter up an down and stamp first one foot and then ^{the} other, without rhyme or reason, and left disgusted. Outside I accepted the proffered services of a native guide who said that for fifty cents (two shillings) he would show me the best music hall in Alexandria. He said it opened at 11 p.m. We walked across town through narrow dark streets to a native quarter and through a section which the guide said was called "the fish market" where women sit at their front doors and try to induce men to enter. Then we entered a small hall where I saw the ancient Egyptian dance, known to Americans as the "hoochy-koochy," which was sufficiently depressing. To satisfy my curiosity and ascertain that it was all simply a humbug cost me \$³~~A~~.00. One can see the same thing amid more cheerful surroundings for 25 cents as a side show at the Moulin Rouge in Paris. Disgustedly I said to myself, "A fool and his money are soon parted," and made a bee line for my hotel.

During the afternoon while passing through a native village of dreary mud huts I asked an Egyptian friend what furniture these

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muddauber habitions probably contained. He said those he had seen contained nothing but a piece of matting and some blankets for sleeping, a few stools or boxes to sit on, a few jars for water, milk, and butter, and a few pots and pans for cooking. He said he had a farm of about 100 acres, but he could not or would not tell me what he paid as wages for his farm labor. He said that formerly the children did not go to school, but by a recent law it had been made compulsory. He said that in Egypt little boys were considered to be worth twice as much as girls.

Wednesday, Feb.2, clear and pleasant. At 9.30 a.m. the cotton congress assembled in a hall of the American Mission building near my hotel. There were addresses by the governor of Alexandria and the president of the Alexandria Produce Exchange, and responses by Mr. Holyrood, president of the International Cotton Federation, followed by the reading of a number of technical papers. The hall was a large one, well lighted, and the large stage was decorated with palms, ferns, and flowering plants. The congress adjourned shortly after noon for the day.

I had a satisfactory luncheon. At 3.30 p.m. I called at the American Consulate and found only a messenger on duty who fished out one letter for me. I stopped at Cook's agency to register for the excursion to Assuan. At the hotel I had a good nap and later a good supper, and then out for a walk.

Alexandria is a mean town for a stranger to explore. So many of the streets are narrow and dark and one may walk long distances before he comes to a cross street, and that may not run at right angles, so that one's sense of direction is of little use. The houses all look alike at night and there are few distinguishing features to serve as landmarks. After walking until I was tired I ~~xx~~ sat in a little place with the attractive sign "King George's Cabaret."

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It was an unattractive place, but with a bottle of good English beer and a cigar I rested very comfortably. With some amusement I watched the behavior of two young Germans who were tipsy, and I listened with interest to two young Italians who were bright, intelligent, and talking rapidly. The Germans mumbled in gutturals, but the voices of the Italians were clear and musical and sounded good to me. There were no cabaret features, despite the name of the establishment; no music, no girls, no dancing.

Thursday, Feb. 3, cool morning and evening, but hot at midday. I first went to Cook's and ascertained that the next steamer for Brindisi would leave on the 11th. Then I walked to the Royal Bourse where the other delegates were gathering. It was a large building with two pits, one of which was crowded with shouting and gesticulating members making a great din. In fact, it sounded much like a forest full of singing locusts. One could not understand a word of all the shouting. There were the usual blackboards at one end with a young man industriously chalking up numbers. In the corridor outside an elderly negro woman was pointed out to me as having made a fortune buying and selling cotton and who had come to be regarded as one of the shrewdest traders and ~~she~~ was treated with the greatest respect. It was said that she got her start selling luncheons to the members of the bourse and risking her savings on the tips she picked up in the course of their conversations. *P* Then we were driven across to the Produce Exchange, which was in a large building that covered a city block. Here were rooms in which samples of lint and seed were displayed for the examination of buyers and sellers. On the walls were posted the basic rates for the different kinds and grades of cotton, which are corrected from time to time, with discount and premium rates for use when the cotton delivered is not strictly of the grade called for by the contract. There was an ar-

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bitrators room in which ^{were the} type samples in boxes designed to prevent either light or air reaching the fibers. When a dispute arises between buyer and seller a sample is taken, the president selects five members by lot to serve as arbitrators, and they determine the quality and grade of the sample by comparison with the type samples, without knowledge of what the sample represents or who it belongs to because it is simply a sample with a number attached. Then we were taking ^{en} through a great warehouse and a number of large pressing rooms. About 16,000 bales of cotton were in stock. In the pressing rooms the bales were opened up and the cotton spread on the floors and thoroughly mixed, and then sprinkled heavily with water--the reason for the water being ^{alleged} that it prevents heating in the press. Then the fluffy but wet lint is shoved into a box like structure, a hydraulic press rises from below, the covering and the hoops are adjusted, and the new bale released and rolled out. The rooms of the warehouse are of concrete, have metal doors, and are equipped with automatic sprinklers within and without.

Shortly after noon I returned to the hotel for luncheon and a long nap afterwards. Then I went out shopping, got my photographs, some cigars, typewriting paper, and other things. It was dark at 5 p.m. and seemed like a long wait until 8 p.m. when supper was served. After supper I inquired of the hotel clerk if there was any theater, moving picture show, or concert hall to which one could go for entertainment, and he shook his head sadly and said there was none. In lieu of anything better I walked up the street to King George's Cabaret on the chance of some sort of amusement. Besides the proprietress there were two women in the place, a thin Spanish girl, and a fat negrees, who were entertaining two sailors that were properly drunk and did not know what they were doing. Each woman sat next to a sailor, leaned against him and petted him,

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plied him with drinks for which he paid, and in making change I observed that some of the change stuck to their fingers. However, this was a squalid scene and after I finished my glass of beer and a smoke I returned to the hotel. *P* As I walked back with the usual feeling of disappointment I asked myself why I persisted in walking about after supper in strange cities instead of buying a collection of books and reading comfortably in my room, as I would do at home. There seemed to be several reasons: (1) When away from home and in strange places I had an ever-present urge to be out on the streets to see whatever was to be seen, something perhaps that could not be seen anywhere else; a desire to make the most of the present opportunity to see, because I never expected to have the same opportunity again. (2) Official travel carries with it as a matter of regulation law the obligation to avoid delays, travel by the most direct routs, and make close connections; and such travel is full of interruptions and exigencies and irregular hours and all sorts of varying conditions; all of which is not conducive to the tranquility of mind and sense of leisure required for satisfactory writing or reading. And (3) the difficulty of finding bookstores in cities and towns where they do not exist, and the difficulty of taking a supply of books with me, and the added difficulty of disposing of them after I read them. This last difficulty came from the fact that I am one of those foolish individuals who once buys and reads a book wants to keep it as a valuable possession, regardless of its merit. This feeling probably originated in youth when anything in print was regarded as a treasure and was carefully preserved as such.

Friday, Feb. 4, clear and pleasant. The cotton congress assembled in the American Mission Hall at 9. ^{am} ~~o~~.;. A number of papers were read in succession, after which there was a frank discussion. A lively discussion arose over the practice of the Egyptians in wet-

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ting down their cotton before it was pressed into bales. The British delegates said there was no excuse for the large content of moisture, sand and other foreign material in Egyptian cotton. The Egyptians contended that moisture was necessary to prevent excessive heat in pressing and also to preserve the silkiness of the fiber, and that the sand and other foreign material could not be removed in the process of handling except at prohibitive cost. One of the Egyptians alleged that much of the trouble was due to faulty spinning. A British delegate responded that they could not be expected to spin sand or water. Egypt had lots of sand and should keep it where it belonged, in the desert; but that England had water, lots of water, far more water than Egypt, purer and cheaper water than had Egypt, ~~and if it was necessary~~ England did not have to buy water at fancy cotton prices, and if it was really necessary to wet the cotton it could be wetted after it reached England; and that the Egyptians' obsession that cotton had to be wet before it went into the press was simply superstition, which was fully demonstrated by the fact that the cotton crop of India, larger than that of Egypt, and the cotton crop of America, four or five times as large, was never wet with an ounce of water before it was pressed and shipped. The session adjourned at noon.

At Cook's agency I was provoked to learn that my order for a reservation on the steamer to Brindisi had been overlooked. However, they promised to arrange the matter by telegraph and have the ticket ready for me when I returned on the 10th. After the usual siesta I wrote some letters.

At 7.30 p.m. I left in one of Cook's buses and reached the Hotel San Stephano at 8 p!clock. At 8.30 p.m. the delegates began drifting into the dining hall and I followed. The ceiling was hung with artificial flowers and with festoons of electric lights

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The banquet was in an interior court decorated for the occasion. On the four sides of the court were painted representations of Egyptian columns. The ceiling was hung with artificial flowers and festoons of electric lights, making a very attractive scene. The tables were numbered so that each delegate knew exactly where to go. At each plate was a special menu card, a rose wrapped in tin foil, and a bank of nasturtiums with an electric light in the center, and ~~at~~ ~~each plate was~~ a row of five wine glasses. The supper was a great success, not too much and all of it of the finest quality. Champagne, three kinds of wine, and a Benedictine were served, with a liberal supply of cigars and cigarettes. At the close there were a number of toasts and a few brief speeches designed to express appreciation and good will.

On my left at the table I had Enein Bey, technical adviser to the Minister of Agriculture, and on my right Mr. Owen Jones, correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. Jones impressed me as a rather presumptuous and cocky person who though^t he knew so much that it was difficult to converse with him.

At 11 p.m. the banqueters adjourned to the ball room. On the way out I shook hands with the Minister of Agriculture and with Mr. Holyrood^y. I asked him why the United States was not represented. He said he did not know exactly, but it was regrettable. The banquet was a brilliant affair and the ball that followed was even more brilliant. There were several hundred ladies and gentlemen, all in full dress and evening costume, the gentlemen very dignified and the ladies very charming. The spectacle of so many well dressed people, the electric lights, the decorations, the music, the graceful dancing, was a pleasing one. Unfortunately I do not dance, and after watching the spectacle for awhile and feeling that I was no part of it I rode alone in a Cook's taxi through deserted streets across the city

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to my hotel. My nightcap thought was "This, too, was a pleasing experience."

(Mr. Walsh, Feb. 4, ~~pink~~ folder.

omit

(Mr. ----Dore, or ~~Tower~~--next letter to Walsh's.

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E--2530.

Saturday, Feb. 5, beautiful bright day. On awakening and looking out of my window I saw a fleet of fishing boats tossing in rough water and making slow progress on the horizon. At the American Consulate I left instructions about mail. At the American Mission building the closing session of the International Cotton Congress was held. I had prepared a draft of a resolution commending the International Institute of Agriculture for its efforts to promote better cotton reports and statistics, but had no opportunity to introduce it. The resolutions committee had drawn up a set of resolutions, had them printed, and they were simply read and passed without discussion. No other resolutions or amendments to resolutions were introduced. After the perfunctory reading and adoption of the resolutions, followed some rapid fire congratulatory and complimentary speeches, with adjournment at 10 a.m.

I walked back to the hotel. In order to save the cost of the room for a day I had notified the clerk in the morning that I would leave before night. When I reached the hotel I found that my baggage^p was piled up in the lobby. I paid my bill and wondered how I should ^pspend the time until 2 p.m. Temporarily I sat at a little table in the lobby where I could keep an eye on the baggage and watch guests come and go. Then I took a short walk and had my shoes polished.

Returning to the hotel and resuming my former seat I realized that I was not feeling up to par and decided to go without luncheon. It was nearly 1 p.m. when a large, middle aged gentleman stepped up and called me by name and asked if I remembered him. Coming out of an abstracted trance I looked at him without recognition, smiled and expressed regret that while he looked familiar I could not recall where I had met him. "Buenos Aires, amigo, como esta," he answered. Instantly I remembered him as Dr. Henry, president of the American

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Club in Buenos Aires when I was there. ~~Atx~~ He was genial and the life of the club, but was subject to periodical sprees, and for the last three months before I left was in a hospital and not expected to live. I had not heard of him since. And now here he was smiling at me with a half bantering tone. I was greatly pleased to meet him again and asked what he was doing in Alexandria. He said that after leaving the hospital at Buenos Aires he came to Alexandria for his health and that through the efforts of our mutual friend, Sr. Vallejo, he had been appointed vice-consul of the Argentine Republic. Then he invited me into the lounge for a drink. He took me to a little table at which sat a large, stout, elderly gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Jones. I acknowledged the introduction in a perfunctory manner because I was interested in Dr. Henry and not in strangers at that moment. Dr. Henry ordered whiskeys and sodas for the three. Mr. Jones was silent with a sort of portentous, huffy, dignified silence that attracted my attention. Suddenly I caught a peculiar expression in his eyes. A ^vague feeling that I had seen him before came over me. ~~Suddenly~~ ^{Then} it dawned on me where I had seen him. It came with a shock. I exclaimed aloud, "Well, I'll be damned. See here, Mr. Jones why are you sitting there like a bloated mummy. Here are you and I who traveled from Constantihople to Costanza and Bucharest like brothers~~s~~ and you never give a sign." He unbent at once and wanted to know why I had not recognized him sooner. I said "That is not fair. You fellows saw my name on the hotel register and remembered me. You saw me sitting in the lobby, and were thinking about me. I have met a lot of people since I saw either one of you. I had no suspicion that you were in Alexandria. I was absorbed in my thoughts of other things. And neither one of you had the grace to give me a clue to enable me to pick up the broken threads of memory. It's not fair, and so now you will both have to take a drink with me."

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They did so and we spent a half hour together very agreeably and I forgot all about not feeling well. It was one of those coincidences that startle travelers so often, this meeting with old friends, one of whom I had left in Buenos Aires at the point of death, and the other at Bucharest, never expecting to meet either one of them again. ^RThe train started at 2.35 p.m. and ran through the same delta country I had already seen and that now began to look familiar. I did not see it this time because my companions in the compartment insisted on keeping the blinds closed to keep out the dust and brilliant sunshine. One of my companions was an Italian from Milan named Crespi. He said he had a brother at Waco, Texas. Before reaching Cairo the Minister of Agriculture came through the train and shook hands with each of the delegates.

At Cairo there was considerably confusion, but after a time we were transferred to another special train. I found that I was booked with an alleged Frenchman, a M. Selig, who was rather curt. We had a good supper on the diner and I was hungry enough to enjoy it, after a light breakfast and no luncheon. At the table I sat with a German from Lille. He said that the manufacture of artificial silk was growing rapidly and would inevitably cut down the consumption of cotton. It struck me as a little strange that most of my contacts throughout this cotton congress should have been with French, German, or Italian delegates, rather than with the English, and I wondered if it was by accident or design, and whether those responsible for the allocation of delegates took my name for German.

Sunday, Feb. 6, a beautiful, clear, warm day. Last night there was a new moon that shone like a crimson crescent over the desert sands. I had a rather uncomfortable night because of the narrowness of the upper berth I occupied, the lack of hooks, and the only place for my clothing was across my feet. I was up early and dressed in

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the dark. My necktie disappeared behind the mattress. The large suitcase in which I kept a supply of neckties was ~~at~~ the bottom of a pile of luggage. My glasses dropped out of the pocket of my nightgown and I could not find them. I was naturally in bad humor and I sent out silent but virulent thought imprecations against the officials of the sleeping car company that ~~sent out~~ ^{were responsible for} coaches without any ~~provision~~ ^r of hooks or hammocks to take care of clothing while passengers slept. Also I said to myself, "Well, Mr. Jinx, you took a mean advantage of your opportunities, but look out; you are a long ways from home." But my animosity was mostly directed against the sleeping car company that put out sleeping coaches without electric lights, so that I could not shave. I made my way back to the dining car and had a cup of coffee. I sat with Mr. Pearce, secretary of the Spinners Association. He was a big Englishman and also was in bad humor and not inclined to be communicative. His glum and taciturn cordiality struck me as funny, and from that moment my spirits rose.

Returning to my compartment I found that my fellow passenger, the gentleman of French nationality with a German name, ~~and an overload of dignity, had departed~~ and a bristling mustache, had departed, which caused me no grief. I got the porter to set the compartment in order, and he found the tie and the glasses.

An hour late the train reached Luxor at 8.20 a.m. Some of the passengers got off at this point to return by boat. The Nile was much narrower here than at Cairo. The railway follows the river on the east side. The irrigated valley appeared to be about twelve miles wide and was covered with a green mantle of luxurious wheat beginning to head, lupins waist high, and thousands of acres of berseem clover. There were palm groves everywhere and native muddauber villages at frequent intervals. The roads and the paths along the canals were full of pedestrians, donkeys and camels. I saw a few patches of

the dark. My headlight disappeared behind the curtains. The latter anti-
case in which I kept a supply of needles was at the bottom of a pile
of luggage. My glasses dropped out of the pocket of my nightgown and
I could not find them. I was naturally in bad humor and I sat out
silent but violent thought impressions against the officials of
the sleeping car company that ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~cooperated~~ ^{cooperated} without any reason
of merit or honor to take care of a sleeping car passenger's sleep.
Also I said to myself, "Well, Mr. Link, you took a mean advantage of
your opportunities, but look out; you are a long way from home."
But my animosity was mostly directed against the sleeping car com-
pany that put out sleeping coaches without electric lights, so that
I could not sleep. I made my way back to the dining car and had a
cup of coffee. I sat with Mr. Brown, secretary of the Spinnaker As-
sociation. He was a big Englishman and also was in bad humor and
not inclined to be communicative. His wife and children cordially
attacked me as funny, and from that moment my spirits rose.
Returning to my compartment I found that my fellow passenger,
the gentleman of French nationality with a German name, was in over-
load of dignity, had a headache and a brilliant headache, had departed,
which caused me no regret. I got the porter to get the compartment
in order, and he found the tea and the blankets.
An hour later the train reached Loker at 8.15 a.m. Some of the
passengers got off at this point to return by boat. The wife was
much narrower here than at Uster. The railway follows the river on
the east side. The flat-topped valley appeared to be about twelve miles
wide and was covered with a green carpet of luxuriant forest beginning
to show, lights white light, and thousands of acres of beechen forest.
There were palm groves by riverside and native rubber plantations at
frequent intervals. The roads and the paths along the banks were
full of peacocks, monkeys and gnomes. I saw a few rabbits of

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sugar cane, and the farther south we went the more cast^oer oil plants I saw.

About 9 a.m. the train skirted the desert to the east and for a mile or two we were close to barren mountains with many limestone quarries from which the stone was carried out on the backs of camels. Gradually the valley became narrower and narrower and the cultivated fields showed more weeds. At short intervals were native villages along the desert sand hills, the living housed in mud huts, and a quarter of a mile out a cemetery for the dead. The graves were usually small mounds with a stone at each end. At 11.30 we passed through a desert section which looked as if it might formerly have been a part of the Nile bed, fairly flat and level, composed of sand and fine gravel, with banks of rock and sand. The sand and sun~~d~~ combined caused the air to vibrate and a mirage to appear so that we seemed to be looking over a broad expanse of water. About noon we passed through a section largely devoted to sugar cane and came to the large town of Kom-Ombo, with several large sugar mills; and across the river was an old temple with two pyramidal tower like buildings. Then on through another desert section until we again began to approach the Nile.

We reached Assuan about 1 p.m. Automobiles were waiting to convey the passengers to their hotels. My official group had reservations at the Cataract Hotel. The desk clerk and his assistant were swamped. He has^d a list of delegates with ^{their} ~~a list of~~ room numbers, but in spite of this there was great confusion. For example, some eight or ten delegates had cards reading "Cataract Hotel," just as I did, but their names were not on the hotel list and no provision had been made for them. Several delegates brought their wives or other members of their families and these extra persons had to be provided for and no doubt were given rooms that had been assigned

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to other delegates. There was also confusion between the Cataracts Hotel and the Grand Hotel, both operated by the same management. Some delegates assigned to one hotel went to the other, which ~~through~~ ^{threw} everything out of order. I waited about an hour only to be told that there was no room available. About that time the luggage came. I succeeded in getting ^{mine} ~~my~~ separated out of three truck loads, took a taxi and went to the Grand Hotel, where I was given a neat, comfortable room with double window and balcony affording a fine view of the river. It was after 3 p.m. when I took possession of the room. I decided to go without luncheon. Instead I changed to a linen suit and went down to the lobby. There I met a Mr. ^{Hirby} ~~Birley~~, an Englishman who had been in Egypt thirty years. Together we walked out to take a look at the river.

Assuan is both an ancient and a modern city extending from the river up the side of the sandy mountain. Apparently it extended along the water front for about half a mile. . Just above it the river emerges between granite hills and massive boulders, is deep, placid, clear, and swift. Opposite Assuan is Elephantin Island on which are the ruins of an ancient city, with great temples that have been destroyed, leaving only a few columns, massive portals, foundations, broken walls, and piles of miscellaneous rubbish; a Nilometer cut in the solid rock at the water's edge; a museum with a small but very good collection of sculpture fragments, implements, jewelry, prehistoric stone implements, and other objects thousands of years old; and back of the museum were heaps of ruins partly in place, partly tumbled down, and partly exposed by excavations. To the north of Assuan was an ancient native village, and anchored near the city were several river steamers. Half a mile below was the river harbor at which were tied up a fleet of several hundred of the tall masted sail boats. My companion explained that the masts were made ~~so~~ ex-

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ceptionally tall so as to raise the sails high enough to catch the breeze over the high banks of the river. Near the ~~Grand~~^g Hotel and projecting into the river were the ruins of Cleopatra's Baths, which were in the form of a massive stone aqueduct, with stone steps and arches, some of which were broken and fallen down.

My companion and I engaged one of the boats to take us across. It was pushed away from the shore with long poles. Then its enormous sail was spread to the breeze. While crossing we had a fine view of the town and of the river. At this point the river was several hundred yards wide. The banks were of pure Nile mud but on both sides were stone steps. We were landed at Elephantin Island and inspected, the museum, the ruins back of the museum, the Nilometer, and then walked through the native village. It was a conglomeration of small mud huts with little alleys and runways for streets which were full of men, women, and children. They came running to us and followed us about like a pack of hungry dogs all crying "Bucksheeth." They were black like negroes, barefooted, poorly dressed, and not very clean. Many of them had infected eyes and permitted swarms of flies to crawl over their faces and cluster about their eyes without troubling to brush them off. We crossed the village to see what might be on the other side and saw only some patches of barley, lupines, and caster beans. The village was in a grove of large palms that added much to the appearance of the landscape. We stopped to inspect one of the native contrivances for raising water. It was a crude affair of wooden wheels and levers pulled by a yoke of slow moving oxen. The essential part of the apparatus was a windlass and a heavy rope to which were attached a series of ~~jux~~ earthen jugs that brought up the water from a well beneath and emptied it into a trough as they passed over the windlass. All the time we were watching the machine a swarm of half naked children were ^achanting "Buck-

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sheeth, bucksheeth" and were greatly excited. Also we were pestered by many vendors trying to sell us postcards, basketware, fly swatters, canes of rhinoceros hide, gazelle horns, and other equally useless things.

Leaving Elephantin we were taken for a sail down the river and back. It was a most enjoyable experience. There was a good breeze, the water was clear^a and rippling, and the boat under its enormous sail made good headway. We passed the river harbor and got pictures of the boats, saw the broad expanse of water downstream, the barren hills on the other side, the range of tombs on the cliffs on the western side, and then beat our way slowly back to the landing.

Mr. Kirby and I had tea together under the trees in the hotel garden where we sat for more than an hour. We were much interested in watching the wild, but half tame, turtle doves. They closely resembled the turtle doves of America^m, but seemed to be smaller. This reminds me to note that no other wild bird seems to be so widely distributed as the turtle dove. I have seen them in every country I have visited in the temperate and tropical zones. They are almost as universal on land as gulls are on water.

We separated at dusk and I walked down the street to buy a collection of postcards. As I went to pay for the cards I discovered that I did not have my kodak with me, and I could ^{not} ~~re~~ remember whether I left it, ^{whether} in the boat or in the garden where we had tea. By this time it was dark. I hurried back. It was not in the garden. This confirmed my suspicion that I must have left it in the boat and, if so, my chances for getting it back were slim. However, my mind was greatly relieved when I inquired of the waiter and was told that he had found the camera on a seat and had turned it in at the hotel desk, ~~and~~ I soon regained possession of it.

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At the sound of the gong I went down to the dining room and had an excellent supper with Mr. Kirby. The dining room was spacious, plain, but full of flowers and cheerful. Practically all the men and women wore evening dress. I was recognized as an American at once because I persisted in wearing a neat business suit evenings, unless it was to be a formal dinner or function. However, this is such a common trait with Americans that little or no attention is paid to it. In fact the snobbish Americans that copy the ways of the Europeans in the matter of full dress at dinner, especially in outlying countries, arouse more comment than those who don't.

While I am about it I will pay my respects to other obsessions of Europeans: One is the widespread belief that Americans are money mad and dollar worshippers. This comes with bad grace from peoples that are so notoriously and obviously bent on begging, borrowing, stealing, or as a last resort working subserviently for money and who hoard it so miserly and spend it so niggardly. To be sure men who make money are held in high esteem in America because it is concrete evidence of ambition, intelligence, enterprise, and real ability, ~~of~~ imagination and constructive vision. On the other hand, the people of Europe with money and wealth seldom earned it themselves--they inherited it through a long line of ancestors, some of them simply baron robbers or ruffians--so that the possession of wealth in Europe means little so far as those who possess it are concerned, although those who have it not worship it most abjectly. When American^s accumulate wealth it is usually through constructive enterprises of service to the public, and but few American^s hoard their money, and practically all of them are free spenders. I suspect it ~~is~~ is the habit of free spending and liberality on the part of Americans that hurts the penurious, grasping, and miserly Europeans so much and causes them to rail at Americans as dollar worshippers.

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Then there is the obsession so comforting to Europeans that Americans eat too fast and have bad table manners. It is quite true that Americans do not waste so much time between courses or in sipping wine and smoking cigarettes after meals as Europeans ~~do~~ because they have something better worth while to do and the Europeans have not. Nor do they waste so much time dressing for the table as the Europeans for the same reason, and because full dress uniform savors strongly of vanity, ostentation, and snobbishness. From the standpoint of time consumed in dressing and at the table it would seem that the Americans eat to live and enjoy life and the Europeans live to eat and enjoy eating--the most primitive of all enjoyments. As to eating rapidly, gulping food, and bad table manners, the Europeans have the Americans skinned a mile. This is quite evident to any unbiassed person who is given to observation, especially if he has eaten in the big and little hotels and private residences in the United States and throughout Europe. Nowhere in the world can such gulping and gorging and bad table manners ^{be seen} as in Europe, without regard to rank or social status. A lord will gorge himself on spaghetti or goulash in record time, as will a peasant, whereas an American usually restrains himself and tries to eat daintily.

Perhaps the most absurd obsession on the part of Europeans is that Americans are not vegetable and fruit eaters. This conception is, of course, founded on pure ignorance, ignorance of the wonderful system ^{of} production, refrigeration, and distribution that places a great array of fresh fruits and vegetables in every, city, town, village, and hamlet of the United States 365 days in the year. Nothing like it exists in Europe, outside of a few metropolitan cities like London, Paris, and Berlin, and the Europeans don't know that such ^a system exists, it's outside their experience, and they have not yet imagined it. Europeans have neither the quantity nor

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the quality of America's vegetables. Lacking facilities for refrigeration and transportation, and purchasing power, and taste, they have the ordinary garden vegetables fresh only during the season of their local growth, a few weeks at most. The rest of the year they go without and eat "greens" and dried stuff. Such vegetables and fruits as they have are inferior. Their celery is never properly blanched a tender, crisp, white, with nutty flavor, but is wilted, green and stringy and is usually boiled like other "grass." Their potatoes are of the gluton variety, dark in color, heavy and soggy when cooked. Their tomatoes are of the ancient original love apple strain, with corrugated ribs and green centers, and ~~the~~ Europeans have never learned to let them ripen properly ^{but} ~~and~~ eat them half green and astringent like peppers, which is conducive to constipation, which in turn is counteracted by consuming enormous quantities of olive and other oils. They know nothing of sweet potatoes, summer squash, pumpkins, sweet corn, many varieties and forms of beans, delicious canteloupes, ripe watermelons, cranberries, blue-berries, ^{delicious} huckleberries, and the things made from them. In all Europe money cannot buy a breakfast of buckwheat pancakes and maple syrup. No American probably ever saw a decently ripe and sweet peach in Europe or an apple that was fit to eat that was not imported from America. Now as to greens: Our people eat asparagus, cabbage, lettuce, brussels sprouts, and cauliflower by preference, and a limited amount of kale and collards, but sparingly and as a matter of hereditary superstition. By necessity the Europeans eat enormous quantities of "grass" and leaves, ~~XXXXX~~ and roots, such as chicory, dandelions, sorrel, and other weeds, and have done so for so long that they think they like it, and bolster up this belief by saying ^{that such things} they are healthy. The simply truth is that ^{for long periods} they have ^{little} ~~nothing~~ else in the way of fresh vegetables ~~XXXXX~~ to eat. And that is why so many of them,

the quality of America's vegetables. Looking back at the history of the vegetable industry in America, and particularly at the history of the potato industry, we find that the quality of the vegetable has been steadily improving since the early days of the industry. The reason for this is that the vegetable industry has been able to keep pace with the increasing demand for vegetables, and to produce vegetables of a higher quality than those of the early days. This has been accomplished by the use of better methods of cultivation, and by the use of better varieties of vegetables. The result has been that the vegetable industry has been able to supply the increasing demand for vegetables, and to produce vegetables of a higher quality than those of the early days.

The history of the vegetable industry in America is a story of progress and improvement. It is a story of the struggle to produce vegetables of a higher quality, and of the success in doing so. It is a story of the increasing demand for vegetables, and of the ability of the vegetable industry to keep pace with this demand. It is a story of the use of better methods of cultivation, and of the use of better varieties of vegetables. It is a story of the steady improvement in the quality of the vegetable industry, and of the resulting increase in the supply of vegetables to the American people.

The vegetable industry in America has come a long way since the early days. It has been able to produce vegetables of a higher quality, and to supply the increasing demand for vegetables. It has been able to do this by the use of better methods of cultivation, and by the use of better varieties of vegetables. The result has been that the vegetable industry has been able to keep pace with the increasing demand for vegetables, and to produce vegetables of a higher quality than those of the early days.

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are bovine in appearance and actions, especially the peasants. An ox or a cow has to have a big barrel~~x~~ to take care of the grass it eats. As a matter of fact in a large part of Europe "vegetables" mean rice, onions, garlic, and carrots. Nine times out of ten if the menu lists vegetable soup it means rice soup flavored with onions, garlic, or carrots. As a statistician and close observer I should say that on the average an American eats more vegetables ^{and fruits} of greater variety and better quality than any ten Europeans.

He also eats more and better meat, because he is accustomed to it, it is available, and he has the money to pay for it. None of these statements is true of the average European. As a substitute for meat the European has to be content largely with fish, and the poorer varieties at that, because the better varieties he can sell in his quest for money, and he keeps or buys the poorer varieties for himself and family, and he eats them boiled because it is cheaper, i.e., takes less fuel, to boil them than ^a to ~~x~~ fry or bake them, which is the only decent way of preparing a fish.

I may return to this subject later because it ~~is~~ needs clearing up. An American who makes ^{one} ~~a~~ trip to the home of his European ancestors, and incidentally takes a look at the rest of Europe from which so many of his friends and acquaintances came, can bear with philosophic equanimity the slurs and caustic remarks of his highly polished, polite, and courteous European cousins to the effect that he and all his countrymen are money grubbers, gulp their food, don't eat vegetables, don't know how to dress or behave at the table, and (is in general) an object of pity and scorn, ^{can} ~~and~~ attribute it to their provincialism and crass ignorance, rather than to envy and impotent illwill; but ; but if he makes many trips to their countries and to other countries, suffers inconveniences and privations unknown in A^merica, is observing, learns their language and

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something of their ~~m~~anners, customs, and ways of making a living and ^{of} living, the time comes sooner or later when he will revolt and ask ^hhimself if patience has not ceased to be a virtue, and whether it is not about time that Americans told Europeans a few things that would be good for their understanding and the salvation of their souls. The trouble is that so few Europeans have traveled ^{any distance} ~~twenty~~ miles from where they and their ancestors were born that it is difficult ^{for} ~~of~~ an American to say anything that will make a dent in their crass ignorance. To make any impression at all one must adopt the costume and manners of a snob, immaculate full evening dress, an assumed air of ennui and utter indifference to the world, and he must speak of all Europeans as peasants. This must be done in a drawling tired voice, with the Oxford or university accent, and it carried ^s farther if the speaker has a baby mustache waxed and nursed to point upwards like a cat's whiskers. If enough Americans would do this they might, in time, make some impression, but as one American said to me, "Europeans have no eyes to see or ears to hear; ~~and~~ they do not understand what they read, and their heads are so hard and dense that nothing will make an impression short of a hammer and chisel, and even then if a new idea were introduced they probably wouldn't survive the operation ^v--because of the new idea." This expression was, of course, exaggerated, but ^{is} fully justified by the experience of many Americans. We agreed that the trouble with Europeans was due to ignorance and prejudice, due to heredity, undue reverence for the past, traditions, customs, habits, limited education and outlook, poverty, and lack of travel; which is proven by the fact that among the nicest people of the world are Europeans who have traveled extensively. They never go out of their way to gratuitously insult Americans with generalizations about their countrymen ^v that are baseless because they are no longer ignorant on

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the subject and have outgrown their insular and provincial outlook and prejudices.

I could say something about the obvious reasons why people of different nationalities misjudge each other, and about tourist specimens, American and other, but that can be recorded later.

During the afternoon Mr. Kirby and I talked of many things. Referring to Russia and how the Soviet authorities set the stage for ~~for~~ the benefit of publicity men, capitalists, and politicians who are supposed to influence ^{public opinion and} legislation in their own countries, Mr. Kirby said the Egyptian government did exactly the same thing. He said that when the delegates were taken to the estate of Basham Bey (the excursion I missed because of my watch) they were met by a large and enthusiastic gathering of natives at several points. On each occasion these poor wretches cheered lustily for the political leaders who accompanied the excursion, and the delegates who did not understand a word of Arabic supposed the demonstration was in their honor. On the contrary it was a prearranged affair for the benefit of the politicians.

Shortly before sundown I sat for awhile on the balcony in front of my window and enjoyed the wonderful colors and glow in the west, with two brilliant evening stars on the western horizon, a small crescent moon overhead and stars and constellations shining brilliantly as the glow faded from the western sky. In the dim light one could still see the narrow ribbon of the Nile emerging from between high cliffs and boulders and hear the murmur of the cataracts, the wierd poetic palms moving their stately ~~heads~~ crowns against the sky, and the lights of the hotels and steamboats reflected in the swiftly flowing river. It had been a wonderful day, so interesting that I was kept busy passing from side to side of the coach in an effort to see the intensive cultivation, the palm

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groves, the desert encroaching on the fields, the tropical and desert vegetation, the domestic animals, the people, the mud houses in which they lived, and occasional fragments of temples and monuments of an ancient civilization. And then had come Assuan, the Nile, Elephantin Island, and the sail on the Nile, and last, but not least, the sunset and starlight in these romantic surroundings. .

Monday, Feb. 17, bright, clear, and hot. I was up at 7 a.m., and after breakfast joined our^y party with a Cook's guide to visit the ancient quarries a mile or more from the town. It was from these quarries that practically all the granite in lower Egypt was taken. The transportation was by donkey back, but without the encumbrance of donkey boys, so that each rider and donkey was independent. The road was through a rough, rocky, desert section. A considerable area along the side and into a granite ridge had been exploited in early times. There were enormous quantities of chips and fragments^x lying about in heaps that looked as fresh and bright as if they had been broken or chipped off within the last few weeks or months instead of thousands of years ago. Up against the ledge was a partly finished obelisk lying horizontally ~~where~~ in the spot where it was ~~being~~ cut out of the solid rock. It was four paces broad at the base and forty paces long, an enormous, symmetrical, polished square column that was estimated to weigh about ¹⁵⁰⁰~~1000~~ tons. It was completely finished and polished on the three exposed sides, but only partly undercut to detach it from the mother rock. Near it were other large slabs and cubes that showed clearly how they were taken out. It was obvious that the blocks were cut and finished the size wanted on all sides but one, which last side was undercut and drilled and then split off by wedges. The guide said that woodenⁿ wedges were placed at intervals of six inches and then kept wet with water until they swelled and as they gradually swelled the enormous

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pressure detached the blocks. It was interesting to think that all the Egyptian obelisks in the world, no matter how widely scattered, came from this quarry 600 miles above Alexandria and that each one of them was floated down the Nile. A very natural question arose in everyone's mind as to how it was possible to transport these enormous monoliths weight^{ing} up to and more than a thousand tons each to the barges on the river. The river was more than a mile away and the intervening space was covered with rocky ridges that made transportation except by air unthinkable. The guide said it was a tradition among the natives that in the remote past the river ran by the quarries. This seems highly probable, because we had followed and continued to follow what appeared to have been an ancient river bed. In the milleniums that had elapsed since the quarries were worked the river had changed its course. What tackle and devices the old engineers and workmen used to handle these enormous masses of solid granite are not, of course, known, but it is conjectured that they used wedges, rollers, inclined planes, and levers. The brightness and freshness of the chips and other debris is explained by the fact that it is practically a rainless and a frostless region and they are protected from covering or erosion from desert sands by the surrounding ridges. It gave one a queer feeling to look upon the fresh handiwork of men dead thousands of years. One wonders what happened that caused the workmen to leave the nearly finished obelisk in situ. The granite is red in color and very attractive.

Our party soon left for the lake above the great dam, a mile or two farther on. My donkey was small and naturally lazy and we soon fell behind. I was in a lazy mood, too, and thoroughly enjoyed the solitude, for we were so far behind that no one was in sight. We had started at a gallop with the others, but my steed soon subsided into a little trot, and then into a rapid walk, that

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was comfortable and agreeable. and not too slow. The donkey was interested in following the trail in the hope of catching up with his fellows and I could let the reins hang loosely, look about me and without interruption dream of what the Nile looked like thousands of years ago when it flowed through this channel, and whether the boats ascended and descended as they do in the present channel; and did Cleopatra ever get up this far, or the ~~other~~ kings and royal families that lived thousands of years before the time of Cleopatra; ~~and~~ what the wharves and boats looked like when the quarries were worked; ~~and~~ what the armies of slaves that did the work looked like, and where they came from, and how they became slaves, and how they were fed and cared for, and what they ate, and what became of them all, and their families. As the donkey jogged contentedly along and I indulged in these retrospective visions we were going up a sandy flat ~~strewn with boulders~~ forty to sixty yards wide ~~with~~, a waste of jagged rocks and ~~waterworn~~ boulders on either side, some of them with waterworn pockets in them, with occasional outcroppings of volcanic rock. It was not only very broken and rough but an absolute desert, simply a wilderness of rock without a sign of vegetation. About a mile from the quarries we came to an old brick wall, partly in ruins. Later I learned that this brick wall was all that remained of an ancient barrage and that the road over which I traveled was in fact an ancient bed of the Nile.

After about an hour of agreeable donkey travel we came out on the shore of the lake formed by the backwater from the Assuan dam. At a small boathouse, bar, and landing out^r party transferred from donkeys to boats. The boats were provided with awnings, decorated with flags, and manned by husky half naked Nubians. We were rowed down and across the lake several miles. The lake is surrounded by great boulders, jagged peaks, and great masses of rocky desolation.

was comfortable and agreeable, and not too slow. The monkey was interested in following the trail in the hope of catching us with his fellows and I could let the reins hang loosely, look about me and without interruption dream of what the life looked like thousands of years ago when it flowed through this channel, and whether the boats manned and descended as they do in the present channel; and did the people ever get up this far, on the other side and beyond families that lived thousands of years before the time of the people; and what the wharves and boats looked like when the quays were worked; and what the sides of slaves that did the work looked like, and where they came from, and how they became slaves, and how they were fed and cared for, and what they ate, and what became of them all, and their families. As the monkey looked contentedly along and I indulged in these retrospective visions we were going up a sandy bank strewn with boulders, some of which were of the size of a waste of jagged rocks and water-worn boulders on either side, some of them with worm-holes in them, with occasional outcroppings of volcanic rock. It was not only very broken and rough but an excellent descent, almost a wilderness of rock without a sign of vegetation. About a mile from the quays we came to an old brick wall, partly in ruins. Later I learned that this brick wall was all that remained of an ancient bridge and that the road over which I traveled was in fact an ancient bed of the Nile.

After about an hour of a terrible monkey travel we came out on the shore of the lake, formed by the backwater from the Assuan Dam. At a small boat house, near the landing on the right bank, we were taken to boats. The boats were provided with awnings, decorated with flags, and manned by many half-naked Nubians. We were rowed down and across the lake several miles. The lake is surrounded by great boulders, jagged rocks, and trees, masses of reeds & vegetation.

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About 10 a.m. we came to the ancient temple of Phylae in the center of the lake. It was built about three centuries before our era. It was almost completely submerged by the artificial lake and only the upper portion, capitals of columns and facade, were visible above the water. A part of the temple is in the form of pyramidal towers which project higher out of the water than the collonade portion. The sides of the temple are covered with beautiful basreliefs.

Next we were rowed to the landing above the great dam, the rowers keeping time to a heathenish chant which seemed to make them forget their exertions. We crossed the dam on little four-wheeled tram cars each pushed by two fellahins. Two stops were made to permit those with cameras to take photographs. To the south was the beautiful lake, a sheet of clear blue water several miles wide and bounded by jagged rocky hills over which the yellow sand of the Nubian desert drifted. On the north was the gorge through which the water ~~through the dam~~ from the lake above flows. The gorge was bordered by narrow flats covered with luxuriant vegetation. The dam is two and a half kilometers long, (about one and a half miles,) about 100 feet high, and ^{is} constructed of masonry on a solid rock foundation. It was completed about twenty years before my visit. One of my companions said that before the dam was finished the river was very low, which greatly facilitated the final work of diverting the water from the main channel to the auxiliary channels that had been prepared, so that the dam could be constructed across the main channel. *P*The second stop was made directly over one of the main outlets. Here the water burst out with terrific force in a stream a hundred yards wide, white as snow, with a heavy pearl mist rising that reflected rainbows, as from Niagara. The green and foam covered streams tore their way through numerous rocky channels in a succession of

About 10 a.m. we came to the ancient temple of Hryla in the center of the lake. It was built about three centuries before our era. It was almost completely submerged by the artificial lake and only the upper portion, capitals of columns and facade, were visible above the water. A part of the temple is in the form of pyramidal towers which project higher out of the water than the collapsed portion.

The sides of the temple are covered with beautiful bas-reliefs.

Next we were towed to the landing above the great dam, the towers keeping time to a heart-thumping chant which seemed to make them forget their exertions. We crossed the dam on little four-wheeled tram cars each pushed by two pullmen. Two stops were made to permit those with cameras to take photographs. To the south was the beautiful lake, a sheet of clear blue water several miles wide and bounded by jagged rocky hills over which the yellow sand of the Arabian Desert drifted. On the north the gorge through which the water flows from the dam above flows. The gorge was bordered by narrow flats covered with luxuriant vegetation. The dam is two and a half kilometers long, (about one and a half miles), about 100 feet high, and constructed of masonry on a solid rock foundation. It was completed about twenty years before my visit. One of my companions said that before the dam was finished the river was very low, which greatly facilitated the final work of diverting the water from the main channel to the auxiliary channels that had been prepared, so that the dam could be constructed across the main channel. The second stop was made directly over one of the main outlets. Here the water burst out with terrific force in a stream a hundred yards wide, white as snow, with a heavy mist rising that reflected rainbows, as from fountains. The green and brown covered streams bore their way through numerous rocky channels in a succession of

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cataracts and falls. At the west end of the great dam was a canal with three locks for the transport of shipping between the lower level and the lake. These locks were occupied by heavily laden, tall masted boats, with a long line of other boats waiting below.

The dam and its approaches were infested with vendors, would-be guides, and beggars, and they were as persistent and annoying as flies and mosquitos. My sales resistance finally wore down and I purchased a cane made of rh^ynocerous hide, a string of glass beads, which I was solemnly assured came from the tomb of Tut-Ank-Hamen, and a pair of little black horns said to be those of a gazelle, although they were suspiciously like those of a goat. These articles I lugged about with me until I reached Washington. The glass beads I gave to Thelma and they soon disappeared. The horns I still have. The rh^ynocerous cane was quite presentable when I bought it, shapely, flexible but hard, semⁱtransparent and the color of amber. When I reached Washington my wife looked at it askance and said it had a bad odor. So I put it in the basement. Several years later I found what looked like a twisted ~~p~~ strap of leather or rawhide, green with mold and smelling badly. It was the rh^ynocerous hide and had lost all semblance of a cane.

Our group decided to make the return trip from the dam by boat. The boat was manned by an old native who said he was 78 years old and four boys, none of whom was over 14. The trip of five kilometers downstream to the Cataracts Hotel was a pleasant one. The wide bed of the river was full of broken masses of rock, the eastern shore was mostly made up of enormous granite boulders, and the western shore was covered with yellow sand blown in from the desert. Along both sides were several native villages. The crew of our boat were Nubians, that is, coal black negroes, with white teeth, thick lips,

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flat noses, dark eyes with the whites showing, and kinky black hair. Also they displayed all the goodnatured characteristics of our southern negroes. Wherever there was a patch of sand exposed by the receding waters of the river, it was planted with lupins, cucumbers, squash, castor beans, and other vegetables.. In the bed of the river and along the sides were many smooth, jet black, polished boulders and rocks that reflected the light like glass. Many of them were water-worn and had great pot holes in them. Among the boats in the locks when we passed was one with ^{an} unusually tall mast. It must have been all of a hundred feet above the deck. It was really a mast fifty or sixty feet in height and attached to the top ^{at an angle} was a long arm that extended up another thirty or forty feet and carrying the sail. We saw three men go up the mast and out on the yard arm with as much agility as monkeys. About a mile below the dam was a series of cataracts. It was very pleasant passing through the rapids and among the shining black boulders, riding on the surface of crystal clear ~~water~~ rushing water, with a hot sun overhead, and a cool breeze blowing.

Mr. Kirby and I disembarked at the Cataracts Hotel and walked to the Grand Hotel where we had luncheon. It had been a delightful excursion, although the sun was hot, quite as hot as one would expect in the United States in July and August. Many people were dressed in summer clothing, and those who were not suffered from the heat. Outside in the hotel garden doves were cooing and sparrows twittering. Also there were many flies and mosquitoes. The natives paid no attention to these insects, letting them crawl over their faces and collect about their eyes.

At 4 p.m. our party ~~was~~^u taken to the bazar district, which was exactly like those of all Arab towns. The party began to straggle after inspecting a few places and finding that the prices were ex-

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tremely high, and I wandered off~~my~~ myself. A black Arab guide tagged along at my heels. He prevailed upon me to let him show me a Bedouin camp, which he said was near by. It turned out to be about a mile and seemed longer because of the narrow village streets and palm groves. We passed a grain market, which was a series of open enclosures without roofs in which were piles of barley and dhurra--a kind of sorghum seed or grain. On the outskirts of the village we passed through a negro quarter where only blacks lived. A quarter of a mile beyond was another small Arab village and near it were camped some natives of the desert. The guide said these natives came from a great distance, bring with them camels and other things to sell and take back with them pieces of cloth, sugar, coffee, and other merchandise. I found that most of my party were already at the camp. In an open space were some ten or twelve wild looking men in ragged clothes, with bushy heads of kinky black hair, and each carrying a broad^{sword}, heavy~~spear~~. All but one stood in a row, stamped their feet, grunting, chanting, and brandishing their swords, while one of their number who was very agile hopped about like a grasshopper, waving his sword savagely through the empty air. Standing about were several hundred natives, including a swarm of half naked children, all yelling "Bucksheetn. After the sword dance there were two camel races. The camels were tall, graceful, light colored, and galloped across the loose sand of the camp about as fast as a horse could run. The prize was a one pound note. The Bedouins had little tents made of matting.

I was looking for a conveyance back to the hotel when one of the organizing committee picked me up. It proved to be Prince Fouad and his wife, and a Mrs. Siebrig. The chauffeur drove us back to the town and then down the river for a mile or two and back to the bazar. There I left them, because I had already seen the bazar. Mrs. Siebrig related to the prince our wild donkey ride at Sakahara. She told of

(1927, Feb. Assuan.

E--2551.

one incident of that trip that I had not heard. In the party was a young lady on a donkey driven by a young negro. Another donkey boy asked her if she knew "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." When she smilingly said "Yes," and repeated the rest of the stanza, her own donkey boy was so furiously jealous that he attacked the other boy and the two had to be separated by force. The wife of the prince pointed out a dome on top of a hill across the river and said it was the tomb of a sheik whose name was "Son of the Wind." The prince explained to me that "sheik" is the title given to a very learned man while living, ~~or~~ to a son after he is dead; that "emir" is equivalent to prince, and that "pasha" is the title of a gentleman of high rank.

I returned to the hotel rather tired from my long walk through the loose sand. Tired of being conspicuous I ~~chaged~~^{changed} to a tuxedo. Mr. Kirby had a dinner engagement, so I had supper alone. It was excellent and the service was good. We were to leave early the next morning. After supper an employe came to ask~~d~~ if I would have breakfast in my room. Later another employe came to ask when I wished to be awakened. Of course, they were after tips, but also it showed that they were looking after the guests.

Tuesday, Feb. 8, cool morning, hot~~t~~ afternoon. The special train that was to take us to Luxor left at 7.30 a.m. While dressing I enjoyed hearing the doves coo and the sparrows twitter outside, ~~and~~ seeing the dawn change to bright sunlight and light up the gorge above the town, and see^{ing} the ribbon of the swiftly flowing Nile become clear and distinct. The "noria," apparatus for raising water from a well, was running at 10 p.m. the night before, and was running at dawn, and I wondered if it ran all night.

I had a compartment to myself on the train, but it was very dirty, full of sand and dust. It was cold in the early morning and

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2552.

the air was full of flying sand. For an hour or more the prince and his wife with whom I rode the evening before sat in the corridor opposite my compartment. Mrs. Prince became quite friendly and said she was an American and that her sons, who were educated in the American college at Cairo, greatly desired to visit America. She introduced her husband as Mansoun N. Shakon Pasha of Koubleh Gardens, Cairo. He was of Syrian descent, elderly, an engineer by profession, and a Christian. In the conversation that followed he said that he had encountered many difficulties in Egypt because of the intolerant prejudice against anything Christian or foreign, and that he had traveled over the United States in 1903. He spoke English and French very well and, of course, Egyptian and Syrian. He said that just before the war several Texans had visited Cairo and planned to form a company to develop 20,000 acres on which to grow cotton, using as labor Greeks, Turks, and Syrians, who were accustomed to growing cotton and other crops under semiarid and irrigated conditions. He himself had planned to inspect the tract in August, 1914, and had even purchased his railway ticket, when the war broke and the scheme fell through. He was exceptionally well informed and talked frankly and intelligently about agricultural conditions in Egypt for more than an hour. I asked his wife, the American, what nationality she thought I was when they picked me up the evening before and she said they thought I was English.

The trip north was, of course, through the same scenery as on the trip south. At one place we saw several hundred camels bunched together and I surmised that a market was being held. At another place a funeral procession was seen winding its way rapidly back from the cemetery. Four men bore aloft on poles the carrier with red or pink cloth draped over it. To one side of the cemetery could be seen a large group of women, all dressed in black, some sitting and some

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2553.

standing, and all watching the train go by.

We reached Luxor at 12.30 p.m. There was some confusion in getting together automobiles to take the delegates to the hotels. Fortunately the Grand Hotel had my name listed correctly and a room reserved for me. It was a large hotel surrounded by gardens. All the ^vser~~h~~ants had their hands out for tips. I ordered a bottle of water and had to pay for it on the spot. The luncheon was ~~also~~ excellent, as was the wine, but these also had to be paid for on the spot. Before doing so I sent for the head waiter and he sent for the manager ^{who} ~~and he~~ said it was an invariable rule of the hotel to require its patrons to pay for what they got as they got it; that this simplified the bookkeeping and was most satisfactory to all concerned. I said it was perfectly satisfactory when the system was clearly understood, except that it was inconvenient for patrons to always provide themselves with change. To illustrate, I said that I was short of change, and gave him a ten pound note to change for me, which he did personally and with alacrity.

Sitting at the table with me was an Egyptian in charge of the cooperative projects of the Ministry of Agriculture. He said that during the previous year about 200 cooperative ~~proj~~ societies had been organized, of which 150 were meeting with some degree of success.

At 2.30 p.m. I went out on the veranda and met Mr. Kirby and the Egyptian leader of our party, who suggested that we hire an automobile and see Karnak. We did so, going through the grounds of the Winter Palace Hotel, which adjoins the Grand and is larger. In front of the Palace Hotel was a magnificent Bougainvillea vine in full bloom. The hotel faces the Nile and a beautiful pink mountain on the other side. We drove past the great temple of Luxor which covers more than an acre of ground and has enormous columns and statues, and on for a mile or more through streets lined with houses and crowded with na-

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2554.

tives, following the river closely, until we came to Karnak a mile or more below Luxor. Here on a space of about sixty acres are the colossal ruins of the greatest temples of all history. We first passed through an entrance avenue of stone sphinxes, then the Ptolemy gateway, and on to the Temple of Khonsu through a great gateway covered with hieroglyphics, and beyond that the great Temple of Amen-Ra, where we got out of our motor cars and walked through the sphynx avenue. We passed ^{between great pylons} into the great temple forecourt, bordered with gigantic columns. These had been greatly damaged by an earthquake 27 years B.C. We climbed to the top of the pylon on the north side, perhaps 80 feet high, and had a good view of the entire temple area. On one side were the enormously thick and high mud brick walls surrounding the area, a date palm oasis extending along the Nile, the placid river shining like a mirror through the palms, and a beautifully colored mountain to the west. Within the walls were to be seen many great temples in various stages of ruin. Enormous masses of masonry and gigantic ~~xxxxxx~~ blocks of limestone and granite had fallen down and were gradually being sorted out and carted away to be restored to their original position. After inspecting a number of relatively small sanctuaries, some of them as large as a cathedral, ^{we} ~~and~~ entered the great hypostyle, said to cover an area of 50,000 square feet, the largest hall of any temple in the world. About 134 gigantic columns were still standing, each about twelve feet in diameter and fifty or sixty feet high. There ^{were} three large red polished obelisks, two of them about 35 feet high and one nearly 100 feet high, each a single stone or monolith. The walls, pillars, and obelisks were covered with inscriptions and hieroglyphs, some of which still showed traces of color.

After spending more than an hour inspecting the succession of temples, ~~and~~ courts, corridors, and sanctuaries, we paused to look

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2555.

at the sacred lake, which covers about an acre of ground, is some twenty feet below the ground level, and is fed by springs. In ancient times, it is said, it was used for religious ceremonies. I walked around the lake to get a photograph of the temples across the water. Near the lake is a large granite column on the top of which was ~~the~~ a large image of a scarab--in other words, it was a monument to a tumble bug. These temples were constructed under different dynasties through many centuries.

On our return just before sunset we stopped to inspect the Temple of Luxor not far from the Palace Hotel. I was told that about sixty years ago this great temple was completely covered with sand and rubbish, huts and houses were built over it, palm trees grew ^{upon} ~~over~~ it, and its very existence was forgotten and unknown. It was discovered accidentally in digging a trench. The workmen uncovered the top of one of the columns. Later funds were raised to pay for digging away the dirt and debris and, ~~low, to~~, one of the great temples of the work^{ed} was uncovered. The great columns of the forecourt are of the fluted papyrus type. They are of enormous size and in a fairly good state of preservation. In one of the temples the columns were taken down and a smaller temple or sanctuary was built by or for Alexander the Great. One of the temples is to Rameses II whom history records as having 111 sons and 67 daughters, and probably many more unaccounted for. The walls and columns are inscribed or decorated with figures and inscriptions representing the gods and kings and their mighty deeds. The kings are always represented by colossal figures of the same size as the gods. Queens are rarely shown, and then only as diminutive creatures that reach only to the knees of the king. The gods are represented as having human forms but with bird or animal heads; thus the sun god has the head of a ram, the god of the dead the head of a jackall, and the god of the

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2556.

setting sun by a lion and a snake. Another form of the sun god has the head of a falcon; Hathor, goddess of the ~~heavens~~ ⁵ passions, of joy, and of life is ~~represented~~ represented by the sacred cow; Isis, goddess of the heavens and of earth is represented by a vulture, and so on.

At Komombo, 105 miles south of Luxor and 30 miles north of Assuan and visible from the train, is the Temple of Haruar Selek, dedicated to the gods.

At sundown Mr. Kirby and I had tea on the terrace of the Palace Hotel. Afterwards I went on a shopping excursion and laid in a supply of cigars, kodak films, a bottle of cognac, and some post-cards. After supper I spent the evening in my room writing.

Wednesday, Feb. 9. Pleasantly warm, with wind full of fine dust. Shortly after breakfast we were all transported to the opposite bank in badly crowded row boats. The river was beautiful in the morning haze. Carriages and donkeys were waiting ~~on~~ at the landing on the other side. Mr. Kirby elected to ride a donkey, as did most of the others. Mrs. Seibrig and I, remembering the discomforts of the donkey ride at Sak^hahara, went in a carriage with a gentleman and his wife.

The first two miles was across an irrigated plain with fields of barley and lupines waist high. One field of sugar cane was cutting. Then for a mile along barren sandy slopes and limestone cliffs facing towards the river, with little else than tombs, ruins of tombs, and miserable little villages of half naked people. One little girl entirely naked ran out for "Bucksheeth." This was the cry of every human being we met or saw, near or far, all holding out their hands and repeating "Bucksheeth," Some of the ~~men~~ ran alongside the carriage for a quarter of a mile or more before they would give up; others trying to sell us matches, scarabs cut out of chalk and

painted in colors, and other homemade things. They were a great pest, but their poverty was extreme and one could not blame them for being so persistent. I suspect they were encouraged in their persistence by their success in collecting tribute from tourists.

Through an opening in the cliffs and mountains we entered a valley a few hundred feet wide at the bottom. Here we drove through utter desolation, without sign of water or vegetable or animal life. The gravelly road was between high cliffs and hills of white limestone and conglomerate curiously fractured in all directions. All along one could see where excavations had been made in search of tombs and their treasures, because it was in this gorge or valley that the kings of several ancient dynasties were buried, and it is that ^{which} gives it the name of Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. We drove up the vally ^e perhaps two miles or more until it ended in a cul de sac, a circular limestone cliff in which many of the tombs have been discovered.

We entered several. From a square entrance a tunnel leads down an incline perhaps 100 to 150 feet to great underground chambers cut out of the solid rock in the heart of the mountain. The walls of the tunnel, corridors, and chambers are entirely covered with shallow carvings or paintings, and some of the walls are ruled off into perpendicular columns like account sheets six inches or more wide that reach from floor to ceiling, and these columns or strips are filled with hieroglyphs in form of birds, beasts, implements, , many in bright colors of blue or red or yellow, reciting the history of the king whose tomb it was. The tomb chamber itself was highly decorated. In most cases the carving and drawings were as fresh and clear and sharp and bright as if made the day before instead of being thousands of years old. In one of the tombs the mummy was resting in its original ^Position, but was then under a glass covering for protection. The largest and best preserved tomb is that

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(1927, Feb. Tombs of the Kings. E--2558.

of Setys, in which the ^paintings are very bright and clear. Last of all we were shown into the tomb of Tut-Ank-Hamen, one of the smallest and most insignificant of all so far opened. This tomb was relatively near the surface and its walls seemed to have been affected by moisture because much of the painted surface was scaling off, like whitewash or calsomine on a damp wall, and was covered with little brown spots. However, the ceiling and portions of the walls were still bright. In the center of the chamber was the ~~gilded~~ gold plated portrait coffin containing the mummy. There were said to be other chambers connected with the first, but they had not yet been opened. We were permitted to look through a small perforation in the wall, but could not see anything distinctly because of the darkness.

In the tunnels and corridors leading to these various tombs we were shown where they had been walled up so neatly as to hide them effectively and how other blind tunnels and corridors had been cut in the rock to mislead any one who tried to find the tomb and its treasure. The chamber in which rested the tomb of Tut-Ank-Hamen appeared to be about twenty feet square and it seemed hardly possible that all the objects on display at the Royal Museum in Cairo could have come from so small a space.

We returned the way we came to the edge of the Nile plain and then southward along the foot of the hills and cliffs, until we came to a semicircular limestone cliff with many paintings on its face. In front of the entrance at the bottom of the cliff were several long low buildings with ornamental collonades. Back of them and on the cliff wall were paintings and hieroglyphics in honor of some of the queens-- because it was not the custom to honor the queens with elaborate tombs as was the custom with the kings. The history of these queens is ~~related~~ recorded by painted hieroglyphics. Some of these painting were rather faint from exposure to the open air.

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2559.

After inspecting these painted histories of the queens and listening to the interesting interpretations of the guide we went to Cook's rest house nearby and had an excellent luncheon. Then we drove to another temple and a large section devoted to private tombs. The temple had colossal columns of sandstone, and not far from it was the fallen image of a colossus. About a mile from there we stopped to inspect two gigantic col~~x~~ossi, enormous seated figures of granite in the middle of a field of berseem clover. One of the figures is carved from a single granite block said to weight over a thousand tons, This col~~x~~ossus is still sitting in its original upright position. The other was toppled over by the earthquake of ~~20x~~ 27 B.C. and was badly broken. It had been repaired with small blocks of stone.

Here our carriage party held a council of war as to future proceedings. It was 1.p.m. and we were due back at the hotel by 2.30. One of the ladies wished to return to the hotel. The others wished to inspect some more tombs. The driver objected because it was contrary to his instructions. I said I had seen enough tombs for one day, in fact enough to last me a lifetime, and I voted for returning.

At the river there was a short delay because all the boats were on the other side. We were surrounded by a crowd of children clamoring for Bucksheeth. By this time we were pretty well hardened and did not respond with the same degree of selfrighteous spontaneity that we did in the early morning. One little girl of about eight years old appropriated me as her special prize. She trotted at my side, holding out her hand and smiling confidently in my face. I pretended to be hardhearted and obdurate and with set face looked at the boats across the river. Then she dropped to my feet and with her ragged skirt began to wipe the dust from my shoes, all the time smiling with rougish eyes up into my face, watching for the first sign of relenting. I relented, of course, and gave her the coveted

(1927, Feb. Luxor.

E--2560.

Bucksheeth.

A sail boat took us across ~~and the breeze wafted us across~~ to the hotel landing. After a short rest I walked again to the Luxor Temple and took some pictures. After a nap and packing up I went to the river bank to watch the boats. On the way back I passed a market place and saw many natives squatting on their haunches and chewing sugar cane. I stopped at the Palace Hotel for tea, and then inspected the curious articles on display in the hotel show room. While there I missed a pair of new gloves that I had worn for the first time that day. I must have left them on a chair at the tea table on the veranda. I had been gone perhaps three minutes when I returned to look for them, but they had disappeared and the waiter professed to know nothing about them. When I spoke to the head waiter he showed not the slightest interest, which made me suspect that he knew something about the gloves

At 5.30 p.m. Mr. Kirby and I walked to the special train. I had a slip calling for berth 14 in car 3, but it turned out that there was no berth 14 in car 3, so I was transferred to berth 14 in car 2. This was a half-size compartment, very small, and as usual it was my luck to be assigned to the upper berth. While I was wondering if the lower berth was to be occupied the porter introduced a Swiss gentleman from Zurich. He was courteous but understood no English, so we conversed in French. He was an agreeable companion but we were crowded for space on account of the baggage. At 6.45 p.m. came the first call for dinner. I sat with an English gentleman who was very agreeable. The Swiss gentleman and an Egyptian sat opposite. At the opposite table was Lord Fairfax, head of a large cotton manufactory at Manchester, with Col. Brown, his general manager. Those of us ^{at} the first service had to leave rather promptly to make way for the second service. There was no place to smoke on the train so

(1927, Feb. Egypt.

E--2561.

I went to the forward end of my coach and sat on a pile of hand baggage for a smoke, and to dream of the brilliant sunshine, warmth, and interesting sights I had seen the last two days--something to remember all through life. Everybody on the train seemed to be in good humor for the same reason.

Thursday, Feb. 10, bright, clear and cool. I awoke at 6 a.m. and dressed under difficulties. The floor of our half-compartment was piled high with baggage so there was not even standing room. I went forward to the dining car and had coffee and toast.

We reached Cairo at 7.10 a.m. I was transferred to another platform to take the special train for Alexandria leaving at 7.45. Leaving my baggage in charge of a porter, I took a short walk up the street and found most of the shops closed. Had a shave and shoe-shine, and bought a pair of gloves to replace those lost at Luxor. Returning to the station I was told that I would have to have my ticket stamped, and this took some time.

On the train I was shown into a compartment with the same group of Germans I had travelled with before, but this time they were decently courteous. On the platform I met Hussein ^{Enver Bey} ~~Enver Pasha~~ of the Ministry of Agriculture who said that Mr. Williams, head of the crop estimating service, had resigned, and he asked me to suggest a suitable candidate to replace him.

The ride through the delta country was the same as on previous trips except that the barley and forage crops were farther advanced. By 10 a.m. the sky clouded over and it became very cold and some heavy showers fell. Nothing more depressing can be imagined than the sight of mud-dauber villages in the rain, their unpaved alleys wet and muddy, and the barefooted, shivering natives plodding about in the water and mud, ^{with} ~~and~~ no heat and but little light in their mud hovels.

(1927, Dec. Alexandria.

E--2562.

At luncheon I sat with an American from Connecticut who said that formerly he was interested in spinning and that he had lived abroad for many years. I did not like his looks and suspected he had good reasons for living abroad. We reached Alexandria at 1.15 p.m. There was a long wait at the edge of the city. Then the train proceeded to the wharf where most of the passengers were, to take steamer for Genoa. I accepted the services of an American Express man because the people on the train were undergoing customs examination. However, when the customs officer saw the cotton congress labels on my baggage and learned that I was to leave the following day he passed me without examination.

The streets were very wet from a recent shower. I hired a carriage to take me to the hotel. About half way the horse slipped and fell and there was considerable delay.. In getting the horse on his feet again the carriage was broken and some of my baggage spilled out and got muddy, and I finished the journey in a passing taxi. At the hotel I was recognized and welcomed by the help and given a nice room on the fourth floor.

I had a feeling of relief and satisfaction that the cotton congress was over and that I was now free to resume my regular itinerary and work. All the time I was with it, although treated with courtesy, I had the feeling that I did not belong, that I was not welcome because I was a lone American and yet did not represent my government, and because all my traveling expenses were paid by the Egyptian government, as were those of all delegates while in Egypt, I felt under some sort of obligation to the government, and because all travel arrangements were made by Cook's agency I had to tag around with groups of people in whom I was not particularly interested or they in me. Now that it was all over I had a sense of liberation and freedom. However, it enabled me to see some of the great monuments

(1927, Feb. Alexandria.

E--2563.

of ancient Egypt, a large part of the agriculture of Egypt, the delta and the Nile valley, and the great Assuan dam, the cataracts, the two great cities and many of the villages, ^{and I} had sat through an international congress, met the king in his palace, and met many interesting people of different nationalities.

After washing up I went down to the cafe and met Dr. Henry and Mr. Jones for a few minutes, and then drove to the American Consulate for mail. The Consul had not arrived at 3 p.m. I ~~had~~ called at the Italian Consulate for a visée, only to learn that it would not be open until the following morning. Then to Cook's where I got my steamer ticket for Brindisi. It cost me the equivalent of \$190 for a trip requiring only two nights, a full day and parts of two days, which seemed exorbitant. When I asked why this excessive charge the agent said it was because there was no competition. It would not have cost ~~so~~ ^{as} much to go to Marsailles and back by rail, but that would have taken more time and I wanted to cross the Adriatic to Albania. I returned to my room to write some letters.

I had a nice supper at 8.45 p.m. Afterwards I walked to the little King George Restaurant and sat awhile and had a glass of beer and a smoke. I was entertained by watching a negress and a fat sailor having a good time at a nearby table. He, of course, was fairly drunk, but she had her wits about her. She gave him a good time and he paid for the drinks, and she kept the change. They left together. Then there was another sailor and a fat Jewess who alternately loved and quarrelled so that the proprietress had trouble in quieting them. A slender Spanish girl came in and invited herself to sit at my table. She was not bad looking if one did not look at her eyes too closely, because they were shifty. I paid for a bottle of beer and a box of cigarettes for her and soon I was furbishing up my Spanish. She told me about her childhood in Valencia and how beau-

(1927, Feb. Alexandria.

E--2564.

tiful Spain was as she remembered it. She talked freely and tried to make herself agreeable. Then a young Italian and two Turkish gentlemen came in and ordered beer and my Spanish companion left me to join them.

(Y Mother, Feb.10, ~~pink~~ folder.

(Salto, same✓

(~~Dragoni~~, same. *omit*

"Alexandria, 10 Feb. 1927.

"Dr. Isaac Salto,
"International Institute of Agriculture,
"Rome.

"Dear Dr. Salto:

"I inclose file copy of report to Mr. Dragoni, bringing the record up to today, and copy of Cotton Congress resolutions. At the American Embassy I found your letter of January 27 with three inclosures, for which please accept my thanks.

"I have seen the Cotton Congress through from beginning to end, and as the program and the hospitality of the Egyptian government were rather strenuous I confess I am a little fatigued. I had hoped to rest up on the trip to Brindisi, but the prospect is not good, as there seems to be a great storm raging outside the harbor. The wind is blowing a gale and from my hotel window I can see the white surf leaping high over the breakwater out in the harbor, and over the promenade and half way up the block almost to the hotel nearby. Also it is spitting rain, gloomy, and very cold. Altogether different from the sunny spring-like climate we had before. Looking at the raging sea, it is hard to realize that at Luxor and Assuan the sun is shining brightly and the Nile is flowing gently, and all is quiet, peaceful, and like spring.

"I shall hope to receive some mail at Brindisi and to be again in Rome in about two weeks.

"With best regards to yourself, Miss Vanzetti, Mr. Longobardi, and all my other friends at the Rome office, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1927, Feb. Alexandria.

E--2565.

Friday, Feb. 11, cloudy, cold, high wind. A porter said a passenger ship loaded with tourists from America had lain outside the harbor for thirty hours unable to enter the harbor because of the wind and high seas. I sympathized with the passengers on that ship whose time was limited and who, after their long sea voyage, had been held up so long outside the harbor, undergoing violent discomfort from the raging seas, and all the time they could look across the breakwater and the calm lagoon behind it to rows of comfortable hotels, palms and gardens basking in the sunshine within half a mile. It must have been tantalizing. I asked the porter why the ship did not come in and he said the sea was so rough that pilots could not venture out and without a pilot it would be dangerous for a ship to try to enter.

On dressing I put on two suits of winter underwear and my heaviest winter outer clothing and an extra jacket over my vest, determined to be comfortable. Had breakfast in my room and finished packing up. I walked to the Italian Consulate and got caught in a heavy downpour of rain. The Consul assured me that the visee I got the previous October at Brigue was sufficient and nothing more was required. At 11 a.m. I went to the wharf with one of the hotel porters who helped get my baggage through customs and showed me where to get a medical certificate, and where to get a police visee (for which I had to pay \$1.25.) After these preliminaries he helped me get my baggage aboard. There I was assigned a nice cabin on one of the upper decks near the center of the boat. The gong for luncheon rang shortly after noon. The ship got ^{away} under weigh at 1 p.m.

We had a nice luncheon. For table companions I had an elderly couple, a doctor and his wife from Edinburgh. The wife said there were many Estabrooks in Hampshire. While crossing the harbor everything was lovely and the passengers were chatting pleasantly and ~~getting acquainted in the dining room. Suddenly the ship passed~~

(1927, Feb. Alexandria to Brindisi.

E--2566.

getting acquainted in the dining room. Suddenly the ship passed out beyond the breakwater and then there was trouble. Great waves swept over the decks, the ship began to heave and pitch, the propeller was lifted out of the water after each great wave and shook the ship from stem to stern, things slid off the tables into people's laps, passengers were thrown out of their chairs, and there was a general stampede to reach the cabins. I made my way to the smoking lounge, which was deserted, and looked out the window, but I could see nothing but mountainous waves and decks awash, and the air full of flying spray. After ^amy smoke all by my lonesome I went to the cabin, undressed, and went to bed. I was tired and in spite of the fact that the bed seemed to rise up and up to a dizzy height and then drop from under me, I soon fell asleep. One of my blessings is that the tossing of a ship does not bother me beyond the annoyance of a moving floor and the din of a roaring gale.

When I went to the dining room for supper only three other passengers came in. Otherwise the great dining room and the spacious lounges were deserted.

Saturday, Feb 12, cloudy and very cold, high wind and rough sea. I slept like a child from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m. Dressed, had a nice breakfast, and then went on deck for a brisk walk, feeling rested and fine. To the east was a large island, Candia, so I was told. Towards noon both the wind and the sea began to subside and the ship ran into relatively smooth water. Many of the passengers ventured out and began to walk about. ^PAt the luncheon table were two young men from Detroit who said they had been in Egypt trying to arrange for the installation of an assembling plant for Ford motor cars. They were outspoken and blasphemous in expressing their disgust at the way every Egyptian official and native had to be bribed.

(1927, Feb. Alexandria to Brindisi. E--5667.

They said that neither a bid nor a contract could be submitted or made without first agreeing to pay a certain percentage to the ~~gxx~~ government officials and everyone else who had anything to do with it.

After luncheon I slept soundly from 2.30 to 6 p.m., which indicated to me that I had been in need of rest without realizing it. In the afternoon we ran into another fierce gale and a tremendous sea. After supper I read "Genius of the Latin Peoples" by Anatole France, which is a series of interesting biographical sketches.

Sunday, Feb. 13, bright, clear, and cold. At 6 a.m. I was awakened by the steward who had a wireless message for me to the effect that there was no American Consulate at Brindisi and mail would be delivered on the boat. After a light breakfast I got some Italian money from the purser and then went on deck. The sunshine was brilliant, the sky blue, and the sea choppy. Far to the right was the Island of Corfu, with high mountains covered with brilliant white snow. To the left was the low coast of Italy, with low hills and a number of towns.

The genial doctor and his wife from ~~Alexandria~~ Edinburgh were at the breakfast table for the first time since leaving Alexandria. The old doctor was ~~in~~ good spirits and in high glee ^{in speaking} of a German professor and his wife who had been to Egypt and were returning on this ship. He said that the German professor came to him in the morning and asked if he would like to have the hand of a mummy with a ring on it. The Professor explained how deeply interested he was in the mummies he saw in Egypt. At one place a native offered to sell him a genuine mummy guaranteed to be over three thousand years old, the mummy of a beautiful princess, her rank being proved by a ring she wore. After much hesitation and bargaining the professor bought the treasure, and it was wrapped in steamer rugs with other things so

(1927, Feb. Brindisi.

E--2568.

that he could smuggle it through the customs. He succeeded in getting it aboard and into his cabin. But unfortunately the professor's wife had listened to superstitious ~~tales~~¹ of the dire consequences that would befall any one who removed a mummy from its last resting place and she was nervous. When the ship left the harbor at Alexandria and entered the rough ~~water~~ outside, the wife was not only terrified but became violently seasick. In her distress she imagined that it was all due to the wrath of the Egyptian gods for desecrating a sacred mummy and that unless the mummy were thrown overboard the ship and all its passengers would go to the bottom. She became hysterical and there was no reasoning with or means of pacifying her except to sacrifice the mummy. By this time he himself was so sick and miserable that he had lost much of his interest in the mummy and consented to his wife's plea that he throw it over board. He unwrapped it and chucked it through the port hole, but in doing so the hand with the ring on it broke off and fell to the floor. He felt that the ~~w~~ring was too valueable to throw away, so he concealed it. The wife felt better and began to quiet down immediately after the disappearance of the mummy, but the doctor knew that he must not let her know that he still had the mummy's hand and ring. That morning he had given it serrupticiously to the doctor. The doctor was in high glee to have such a unique souvenir of Egypt and also at the chain of circumstances that brought it to him.

We passed a schooner with four masts, square rigged, with all sails set. It was a pretty sight as the schooner bobbed up and down and forged ahead through the choppy sea with the spray flying from her bows. We had an excellent luncheon with strawberries and cream for desert

We docked at Brindisi at 1 p.m. after passing through a narrow channel with forts on both sides. One of the officers on the ship

(1927, Feb. Brindisi.

E--2569.

cautioned me that photographs were not permitted to be taken in the harbor. An agent of the American Express came aboard and I let him look after getting my baggage through customs. Every piece was carefully inspected and the officials were especially interested in my portable typewriter, as if it might be some sort of an infernal machine. We walked about two city blocks to the International Hotel. I was given a small room facing the harbor--but it was cold.

After resting and shivering a few minutes I took a walk. Like all Italian cities and towns the narrow streets were swarming with people and children, but the streets here were somewhat wider and cleaner than I had seen elsewhere in Italy. On the way back I found a little tobacco shop and bought out its supply of Trabuco cigars.

On reaching the hotel I asked the clerk if there was a room in it where a fire could be built. I was immediately transferred to a large double room with a vaulted ceiling, and in one end was a small open fireplace. Here a nice cheerful fire was made of olive branches and roots. Now I could luxuriate in the genial warmth of an open fire, sit in an easy chair and watch the flames leap up, the sparks fly, and a bed of glowing coals form underneath. As I sat there glowing with satisfaction I wondered why it was that Mediterranean peoples and so many other European peoples are content to spend a good portion of their lives in cold, dark, dreary rooms without the comfort and pleasure to be derived from artificial heat and light. Poverty perhaps, along with the tradition of poverty, scarcity and high price of fuel, and the inherited belief that cold and discomfort are healthy and that warmth and comfort are unhealthy, if not actually sinful.

Before leaving the ship several letters from home were delivered. From the agent of the American Express I learned that a boat would leave Brindisi Tuesday morning for Albania and he agreed to

(1927, Feb. Brindisi.

E--2570.

engage passage for me. I took a nap from 5 to 7 p.m. Had a rather meager supper in the dining room, but with good bread and a bottle of wine I felt satisfied. There was only one other guest in the dining room with me. I spent a comfortable evening by the fire in my room. The light from a single^e electric bulb high up was too weak for reading, so I sat and smoked and dreamed of what I had seen in my travels and what I should do when it was all over and I was home again.

Monday, Feb. 14, Brindisi, clear and cold. I slept late and had some difficulty in getting the fire started. I had breakfast in my room by the fire. The American Express man called to say that no steamer would leave that week^e from Brindisi for Albania, but that I could go to Barri in the afternoon and take a steamer from there at 6 p.m. I instructed him to telegraph for a reservation on the boat and to purchase a railway ticket to Barri. I took a short walk but it was too cold for comfort and the streets were almost deserted. I returned to the hotel and wrote some letters. After luncheon the American Express man came with my railway ticket and a bus to take me to the station.

The train left at 1.30 p.m. The towns of Monopol and Polimono were very pretty, built of white limestone on slopes overlooking the Adriatic. We reached Barri at 3.50 p.m. I engaged a porter to take me to the Puglia Company for the steamer ticket. He brought the baggage in a cart which he pushed through the streets and I followed. We went across town nearly a mile until we found the office. There I was told that every berth was taken and they could not sell me passage on this boat, and that it was doubtful whether a reservation could be made on the boat sailing Wednesday evening. I asked if I could not get passage on the boat leaving that evening without berth, that is, sit up all night in the lounge.

(1927, Feb. Barri.

E--2571m

The agent said there was no lounge, that the little dining room would be fully occupied, ~~and~~ there was no place for anybody to sit, and ~~that~~ it was simply impossible to sell me passage. Inasmuch~~as~~ I could not leave on this boat and it was doubtful if I could leave on the Wednesday ^{and} ~~boat~~ I might have to stay in Barri a week before getting passage, I decided to ~~proceed~~ to Rome and postpone my visit to Albania until a more convenient time when it might be possible to arrange for transportation in advance.

On the way back to the railway station I stopped in a ticket agency and purchased transportation to Rome with a sleeper reservation, the train to leave at 9.30 p.m. By this time it was dark. The waiting room at the little station was small, poorly lighted, and not very clean, and very cold. There was no restaurant at the station. After resting I took a walk up the main street, which was broad and well paved and lighted, and lined with modern buildings. Although I had never heard of Barri before, it seemed to be a thriving city of considerable size with many flourishing banks and a university; I was disappointed in not finding a tobacco shop. After walking nearly a mile I found a small restaurant, but it was so unattractive I would not enter. Returning to the railway station I had a smoke, but the surroundings were depressing. Across the plaza I made out a dim sign "Hotel Leon d'Oro." I crossed to investigate. The hotel seemed to be in complete darkness except a single light on the ground floor. I pushed the door open and saw a man in the rear at a desk. I asked if there was a smoking room or waiting room where I could sit, or a restaurant where I could get something to eat. He directed me to go around to the rear ~~to the~~ entrance on the other side. I did so and found the other side in darkness also, but a porter opened the door and invited me to enter. He showed me into a small waiting room about sixteen feet square and turned on ~~an~~ electric light.. I sat there for more than an hour all alone and in

The agent said to me was no longer, that the little dining room would be fully occupied, and there was no place for anybody to sit, and that it was simply impossible to call the passage. I could not leave on this boat and it was doubtful if I could leave on the Wednesday boat. I might have to stay in Paris a week before getting passage, I decided to proceed to Rome and postpone my visit to Albania until a more convenient time when it might be possible to arrange for transportation in advance.

On the way back to the railway station I stopped in a ticket agency and purchased transportation to Rome with a sleeper berth. The train to leave at 8.10 P.M. By this time it was dark. The waiting room at the little station was small, poorly lighted, and not very clean, and very cold. There was no restaurant at the station. After resting I took a walk up the main street, which was broad and well paved and lighted, and lined with modern buildings. Although I had never heard of Bari before, it seemed to be a fairly big city of considerable size with many flourishing business and a variety. I was disappointed in not finding a tobacco shop. After walking nearly a mile I found a small restaurant, but it was no more attractive I would not enter. According to the railway station I had a hotel, but the surroundings were depressing. Across the street I made out a dim sign "Hotel Lido d'Or." I stopped to investigate. The hotel seemed to be in complete darkness except a single light on the ground floor. I pushed the door open and saw a man in the rear at a desk. I asked if there was a smoking room or waiting room where I could sit, or a restaurant where I could get something to eat. He directed me to go around to the rear to the entrance on the other side. I did so and found the other side in darkness also, but a porter opened the door and invited me to enter. He showed me into a small waiting room about sixteen feet square and turned on the electric light. I saw there for some time and then I

(1927, Feb. Barri.

E--2572.

electric light. I sat there for more than an hour all alone and in perfect silence. I became restless and was about to leave when the porter appeared suddenly and insisted that I go into the restaurant. It was in an adjoining room, the lights were turned on, and I went in. I asked for some vegetable soup, and a plate full of rice was the result. But the beefsteak, fried potatoes, tangerines, and bottle of wine were good. I asked the waiter how many inhabitants Barri had and he said 450,000. I could well believe that it was a large city from the appearance of the main street, but I could not help thinking that for a city of its size it was singularly lacking in hotel and restaurant accommodations and was ^{exceptionally} ~~singularly~~ dull.

I returned to the railway station at 9 p.m. While walking about the little station I discovered a little bar that had opened.

The barkeeper said he had been about a good deal as ^a "camerera" and mentioned New York, Chicago, Liverpool, Rotterdam, and Sidney. At last the train came and my suspense was ended. I was soon installed in a compartment by myself and after a smoke went to bed with the satisfied feeling that I would wake up in Rome.

(Salto, Feb. 14. ~~pink~~ folder.

(Eunice, same.

"Brindisi, 14 Feb. 1927;

"Dear Dr. Salto:

"Yesterday evening at sea I received your telegram, and on arrival here your letter and three others were handed to me on the boat.

"I find that no boat goes directly to Durazzo from here until next Saturday, so I am going this afternoon to Barri and there catch a boat of the Puglia Company tonight for Durazzo. Will be in Durazzo tomorrow. The first boat back leaves Durazzo next Friday and is due here early Saturday morning. If it gets back in time I will catch the early train and reach Rome Saturday evening; otherwise I will take the night train and be in Rome Sunday morning.

"Had a very rough and disagreeable passage from Alexandria, and it seems very cold here after the nice warm weather we had in Egypt.

"With best regards, I am

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"P.S.--Please hold mail for me at the office. I will probably go to the Hotel Minerva."

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2573.

Tuesday, Feb. 15. I awoke at 7 a.m., dressed and had a cup of coffee. The train was going through the mountains and everything outside was covered with white frost. We reached Rome at 9 a.m. I took a taxi and was soon at the old Minerva Hotel where the porters and help recognized and welcomed me. I was given a nice little room with steam heat and bath. After cleaning up I took a carriage and was driven to the office, stopping en route to leave films to be developed and buy a supply of cigars. In both places the clerks remembered me and greeted me with smiles. This pleasing trait somehow made me feel as if ^I was home again. As I drove along the Corso the old flower woman in the alley smiled, nodded, and waved her hand at me. At the Casetta I found the messenger, Guidi, dusting my room. Dr. Salto^{was}, dressed as correctly, as ever, and Miss Vanzetti talked as rapidly and entertainingly as of old.

The Secretary General was engaged when I called, but I saw his principal assistant, Mr. Walsh, and Mr. Dore, chief of the statistical division.

Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, and I took luncheon together at the Sam Carlo, where the waiters gathered about to welcome my return. The head waiter ⁿⁱ said that the young man who had waited on me formerly had finally got his papers approved and gone to New York. Mr. Hobson said that he had consulted with Mr. Holt, our cotton specialist in Europe, and they had decided that inasmuch as the United States was not invited to participate in the International Cotton Congress at Cairo it would not be wise for them to attend the conference, especially as they knew that I was to be present. I did not ask Mr. Hobson to explain why, in view of that decision, both he and Mr. Holt made the trip to Cairo and back at government expense, or how it came that my name was scratched off the ^{printed} list of ~~prixx~~ delegate^s to that conference and his name substituted--such questions

(1927, Feb Rome.

E--2574.

could only prove embarrassing and the event to which they related was past history.

Mr. Hobson said that his secretary, Miss Dixon, had a nervous breakdown because her aged grandmother in London had fallen off a train platform, both legs were cut off, and she died from the shock. At the office Mr. Hodgson spent most of the afternoon with me relieving his mind of his troubles. He said that the Secretary General had been deprived of all power by the Permanent Committee, and that probably President De Michelis would resign as soon as the Italian government could select a suitable successor. He said also that it was understood that Mr. Hobson would retire in the summer because his five year term of service would expire. He also had a lot of other gossip to which I listened without comment, with the thought that it might relieve his mind and perhaps I might pick up some items of information that I should know.

Miss Vanzetti also took up time discussing her private situation and the difficulties she had encountered in the renting of an apartment. Between these and other visitors I had no time to look through my mail.

I returned to the hotel rather late and found my trunks had been brought out of storage and placed in the room. I at once opened them and got out the portable phonograph and had some music, smoked, sipped cognac, and arranged my ~~clothing~~ clothes.

Wednesday, Feb. 16, clear and cold. En route I stopped to buy a bunch of carnations from the old flower woman who welcomed me back. At the office I read the first Italian paper since returned^{ing}, but it was barren of news. Again I called on the Secretary General, who apologized for being overwhelmed with work and asked me to return the following day. I spent most of the day looking over the materi-

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2575

al from the U.S. Department of Agriculture that had accumulated during my absence.. I asked Dr. Salto to find out about sailing dates to the United States and to Cuba. Had an interview with Mr. Van Aartsen, Hollander, regarding his application for the position of assistant director of the census and advised him to consult his Permanent Delegate, Dr. Van Rijn. Mr. Hobson called to invite me to dinner. Miss Vanzetti said there had been considerable discussion of the possibility of Mussolini establishing a theater for the younger school of dramatists, such as Pirandella^o, but so far nothing had been decided. *P* After supper I strolled out to one of the bridges crossing the Tiber and there encountered the young woman from Milan whom I had met the year before. She recognized me immediately and promptly joined me and walked with me back as far as the Corso, where we separated. She had fleshed up and rounded out and was so changed in appearance that I would not have known her had she not reminded^d me that on a former occasion she had a female companion, that she herself was ill, and that I had refused her invitation to go to her room, but had spoken so kindly to her that she had never forgotten it. For those few words of kindness she was extremely grateful because they cheered her at the time, and soon afterward her health improved and her luck changed. Well, I thought, these Italians certainly have good memories and some very lovable traits.

Thursday, Feb. 18, clear and cold. Mr. Montgomery, of the economics division called. He said he had let his house at Albano and moved into the city because of the inconvenient hours prescribed by the Permanent Committee and the poor transportation service. He was very pessimistic. *P* The interview with the Secretary General was short and satisfactory. He approved my plan to go to North America next, and then to the West Indies, and Asia, and promised prompt action on the question of appointing an assistant director to have charge of the of-

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E-2576.

fice while I was away. Next I was interviewed by a Mr. Henry A. Dollinger, who wrote under the pseudonym of Floyd Raybourn for ~~the~~ a rather yellow flamboyant farm journal in the United States and under his real name for other journals. I filled him up with statements about the farm census, and gave him a short item about the cotton congress at Cairo. In the afternoon I had a call from Mr. Thompson of the British Ministry of Agriculture, who read to me letters that had been written to certain colonial officials urging them to participate in the census project. These letters were issued through the British Foreign Office. Then both Dr. Salto and Miss Vanzetti asked for a consultation regarding their official status, which took time.

Mr. Hobson came over and I spoke to him of my coming trip to North America and Asia and the length of time it would take and the importance of appointing an assistant director without delay to look after the office during my prolonged absence. He said he would bring it to the attention of the Permanent Committee and would advocate the appointment of any one I should recommend. I said that of all the persons I had met I would prefer to see Mr. Longobardi receive the appointment, not only because of his charming personality, but because of his competence, his knowledge of the personnel and organization of the Institute, and his good relations with the statistical bureau and Mr. Dore. Mr. Hobson promised to try to bring about his appointment. After reaching this understanding we walked across the Borghese Park to the Flora Hotel where he was stopping. Then I took a taxi and was driven to the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Sauter. I ^had difficulty in finding the place because I had forgotten the exact number and there was no sign on the place. However, I ~~found it~~ ^{succeeded} and found them comfortably install-

...le I was away. Next I was interviewed by a Mr. Henry ...
 ... who wrote under the pseudonym of John ...
 ... Yellow Flamboyant ...
 ... real name for other journals. I filled him up with ...
 ... about the ... and gave him a short ...
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 ... of the ... of ... who read to me ...
 ... that had been written to certain ...
 ... in the ... These letters were ...
 ... through the ...
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... and I spoke to him of my ...
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 ... would bring it to the attention of the ...
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 ... on the place. However, I ...

(1925, Feb. Rome.

E--2577.

ed in a large room on the top floor with a fine view of the city and of St. Peter's. They seemed to be quite contented. Mrs. Sauter (my secretary for a time before her marriage) had married Mr. Sauter, a German artist many years her senior, against the wishes of her parents, which caused her much distress. They were glad to see me and we had tea and a pleasant hour together. Mr. Sauter ~~said~~ suggested that perhaps I would be willing to give his wife a letter of recommendation which, of course, I said I would be glad to do. Both seemed much interested in the account of my travel in Egypt and Palestine.

Friday, Feb. 18, clear cold day. Began drafting a report on the cotton conference and some correspondence. Left order for enlargement of some photographs for reproduction in a farm journal.

In the evening I met Mr. Thompson at the Ristorante Ulpia where we had an enjoyable supper, followed by coffee, liquors, and smokes in the underground Via Sacra room, with lovely music by a stringed orchestra. The place was full of well dressed guests, the music exceptionally good, the scene animated, and we greatly enjoyed our evening together. I dropped my companion at the Hotel Bon Cite at midnight and then proceeded to my hotel.

During the day Miss Vanzetti informed me that the police of Rome had orders to stop all persons found on the streets after 1 a.m. and examine their passports or other identification papers. I had this in mind in making sure that I reached the hotel before that hour.

Several times during the evening I wished that my wife could have been with us. She would have enjoyed it and would have seen well dressed people decorously drinking and smoking freely, enjoying the music and animated with a feeling of good fellowship. This would have been a liberal education for her.

Saturday, Feb. 19, rain and cold. ^{Had} ~~In~~ an interview with the

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2578.

Secretary General in which I again urged prompt action in the appointment of an assistant. This time he raised the objection that the salary of \$2,500 provided by the International Education Board was out of proportion and would cause embarrassment because it was about twice as much as was paid to chiefs of important bureaus in the Institute. I suggested that the scale of salaries in the Institute was entirely too low, that this was a good opportunity to establish a precedent, and that he must not overlook the fact that while the census office was small the project itself was one of the most constructive and important the Institute had yet undertaken.

P I had to decline an invitation to lunch with the Hobsons on Sunday because I had already accepted one with the Hodgsons for the same hour. Dictating correspondence and arranging photographs. Dr. Salto reported sailing dates for New York and for Cuba.

Returned to the hotel rather tired. Got out the phonograph and had a little music. Heard the servants stop at the door as they passed along the corridor. Evidently they were hungry for music. The Albergo Minerva was always very quiet because it catered especially to priests and other ecclesiastical visitors to Rome.

Sunday, Feb. 20, cold north wind. After breakfast I walked to the Casetta office and read newspapers. Looking out of the window from time to time I saw several couples in the park making love rather strenuously in spite of the cold wind. Perhaps they found warmth in each other's arms. Anyhow, it was good to see and I envied them their youth and illusions.

Shortly before noon I took a stroll through the Gallery¹ of Modern Art, which was just over the hill from the Casetts. The light was ~~good~~ ^{excellent} and the pictures showed to good advantage and I enjoyed some of them greatly. *P* Outside I marched with a company of infantry

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2579.

as far as the Flaminian Way, where I jumped on the running board of a trolley car and ^{rode} ~~rode~~ as far as the Ponte Milvia. From there I walked up a steep hill and fortunately turned in at the right place. As I walked across some vacant lots I had a fine view of the city of Rome, of St. Peter's, and of a range of mountains clad to their summits with glistening white snow, with the hills and valleys between colored white, ^{with} blue and purple shadows. The Hodgsons were living in a small new house belonging to Dr. Gray that he had built just before leaving for Egypt. ^{quite as I were expected.} In the same house were living Mr. Banerjee, an East Indian, and his English wife. I had not been told of their presence in the house and was surprised when they answered the door bell and welcomed me in. They held me so long and so persistently in conversation that I became embarrassed at the non-appearance of Mr. or Mrs. Hodgson and began to think that I had come to the wrong house by mistake. Later I learned that they were occupying the lower floor ^{and the Hodgsons the upper floor} during the absence of the Grays. Mr. Banerjee was very intelligent, well educated, and especially interested in history and economics, but personally was not very clean. His wife was English, very unattractive, spare, talkative, and apparently had made one trip to the East. She related as her greatest achievement in life, or of any woman's life, how the ship on which she was crossing the Mediterranean had stopped at a port on one of the islands of the Aegean Sea, and she had gone ashore to amuse herself and did not return until after 4 p.m., knowing that the ship ^a was to sail at 1 p.m. ---and the captain had held the boat for her return--something that few women in the world could boast of as she did. And yet I have seen many women on voyages, especially of the spinster schoolteacher type, who, I am quite sure, would glory in such an achievement if they had only thought of it in time or had had sufficient confidence in the gallantry of the captain. How they would cackle about it, just as

as far as the Elanion way, where I turned on the roundabout of
 a trolley car and ^{not} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ as the Post-Min. From there I
 walked up a steep hill and fortuitously turned in at the right place.
 As I walked across some recent lots I had a fine view of the city
 of Home, of St. Peter's, and of a range of mountains close to their
 summits with glistering white snow, with the hills and valleys between
 colored white, blue, and purple shadows. The houses were living
 in a small new house belonging to Mr. Egan, that he had built just
 before leaving for Egypt. In the same house were living Mr. Egan's
 son and daughter, and his English wife. I had not been told of their
 presence in the house and was surprised when they answered the door
 bell and welcomed me in. They held me so long and so persistently
 in conversation that I became embarrassed at the non-response of
 Mr. or Mrs. Hodgson and began to think that I had come to the wrong
 house by mistake. Later I learned that they were occupying the lower
 floor during the absence of the Egan's. Mr. Egan's son and daughter
 were, well educated, and especially interested in history and
 economics, but personally was not very clean. His wife was English,
 very unattractive, acute, talkative, and apparently had some and
 trip to the East. She related an interesting conversation in life,
 of of any woman's life, how the ship on which she was crossing the
 Mediterranean had stopped at a port on one of the islands of the
 Aegean Sea, and she had gone ashore to make a call and did not
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 --and the captain had said the boat for her return--something was
 few women in the world could boast of as she did. And yet I have seen
 many women on voyages, especially of the spinster schoolmaster type,
 who, I am quite sure, would enjoy in such an achievement as they had
 only thought of it in time or had had sufficient confidence in the
 reliability of the captain. Now they would make about it, just as

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2580.

this woman was doing, for the rest of their lives. They continued to ask innumerable questions, quite as ^{if} I were calling on them as old friends and was prepared to stay indefinitely. At last I rose and announced in a tone of utter finality that I had expected to dine with the Hodgsons and thought they lived in this house, but realized that I was mistaken. X Could they direct me. Why, yes, they lived ~~ed~~ on the second floor which was reached by the stairs outside. I felt resentful that they had taken possession of me in such a restraining way for so long, and said emphatically, "Thank you, Good by," and walked out.

I found the Hodgsons and they said they had been waiting for me a long time and Mr.Hodgson was about to go out to the road to see if I had got lost. I explained that I had been intercepted and kept prisoner by the people down stairs. Mrs.Hodgson was a little school-girl looking woman and dressed and made up as such, short skirts and bobbed hair, but ^probably about twenty-four, with literary aspirations. I was introduced to her niece, a modest young woman of pleasing appearance. . In the small but neat and pleasant room was an open fire, which added to the cheerfulness of the place. The neat little Italian maid was all smiles. Mrs.Hodgson and her infant boy were sitting on the floor near the fire engaged in cutting pictures out of an American magazine. The way in which the three grown persons tried to keep me talking was embarrassing. They insisted that I should write an account of my travels; also that I should write my name in their guest book. They showed with great pride a miniature and somewhat idealized portrait of their infant podigy. The luncheon was something of a disappointment, although I appreciated ~~the fact~~ ^wthat it probably represented on the part of my hosts. The roast was tough--not their fault; the potatoes were soggy--the only kind obtainable in Italy; the cauliflower was tasteless; the mandarines

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2581m

were decidedly inferior--and there was no wine. Imagine a meal in Italy without wine, Italy the land of sunshine and wine. No, they served water, water that might have been and probably was infected with all sorts of germs, microbes, and bacteria, colorless and tasteless water, water that cost more than the richly colored, sparkling, pure, wholesome wines of the sunny slopes of the Italian mountains. It was unbelievable and unforgiveable. Mrs. Hodgson, the bobbed hair imitation schoolgirl with literary ambitions, tried to exploit me for material, which I instinctively and deeply resented, but as guest I tried to be agreeable. As I did so I highly resolved that after my escape it would never happen again. At 3 p.m. I began to make tentative efforts to get away, but they were so effusive and persistent that it was 4.30 p.m. when I finally succeeded in backing out and the door closed. I felt like swearing as I strode away. What a relief it was to swing away, walk down the hill alone, catch a car that would take me to my hotel, and an hour later sink into the privacy of my ^{own} room. When I was rested I wrote some letters.

At the San Carlo I had a nice entrecot beefsteak, done to a turn, French fried potatoes, and half a bottle of wine, and felt better. The restaurant was brilliantly lighted and I was surrounded by animated Italian guests. On the return the Corso was deserted except for a few shivering pedestrians.

During the day the laundry I had left at the hotel in Brindisi was delivered, elaborately packed in a pine box and wrapped in a linen bag. It could easily have gone round the world. Along with it was a letter containing the bill, \$3.25, and informing me that the commission of the proprietor was not included in the bill but would be thankfully received.

(Wife, Feb. 20, pink folder.
(Madam Scolari, same. *mir*

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2582.

Monday, Feb.21, bright, clear, and very cold. On the way to the office I stopped at the office of the American Express and asked for a reservation on the Duilio leaving Naples for New York on March 12. I stopped at the office of Mr.Hobson and urged prompt action on the appointment of an assistant. He sent for the Secretary General and various candidates were discussed. Mr.Hobson backed me up in the statement that of all persons so far available Mr.Longobardy was far the best qualified. The Secretary General again raised the question of salary, a salary double that of a chief of bureau, and said that Mr.Longobardi was regarded as indispensable in the statistical bureau.. I argued that the scale of salaries in the Institute was entirely too low, as shown by the fact that practically all the employes had to get outside work, that their official work suffered for that reason, and that if the salary of Mr.Longobardi were raised it might help to raise the salaries of others, but in any event we should have the best man available for the census project. I pointed out also that during my absence the work of the census office would be light and that Mr.Longobardi could still devote some time to helping out the statistical bureau as a matter of cooperation. I reminded the Secretary General that the census work was closely related to the statistical bureau, so closely that less than two months previously both he and the chief of that bureau had thought it wise to incorporate the census office in that bureau; also that the census project was the most important one of the Institute at that time and the statistical bureau could well afford to let its principal man be assigned to it temporarily. The chief obstacle with the Secretary General seemed to be that of salary, the idea of paying a modest subordinate, however competent, a salary more than that of his chief, in fact equal to that of the Secretary General himself, seemed to him to be insuperable. I argued that the success of the

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E-²⁵~~83~~.

census project and the prestige of the Institute were of paramount importance and should not be hindered or placed in jeopardy because of any salary question. He wanted to know if the salary could not be made less and scaled down to that of other employes of the same rank in the Institute. I said no, that the salary prescribed for that position by the International Education Board was \$2,500, that any man who was qualified for the position was worth that and more, that it was not enough to attract competent men from outside of Rome because the position was temporary and competent men could not afford to give up a permanent position for it, and besides they were already drawing larger salaries, that Mr. Longobardi was competent and he could afford to accept it because he was already employed in the Institute and for him it would mean a well deserved promotion. The Secretary General seemed to be both impressed and embarrassed.

At the office I dictated my expense account to Miss Vanzetti. On the way to the hotel I left some negatives of the Institute building for enlargement, thinking they might come in useful for newspaper illustrations during the coming year.

~~(Dragoni, Feb. 21, pink folder, omit)~~

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2584.

Tuesday, Feb.22, cold and threatening rain. I stopped at the American Express to buy some Italian money and make a deposit on a reservation on the Duilio. The price of passage was \$250 for an inside cabin.. At the office I dictated some correspondence. Mr. Bannerjee, the East Indian, called and talked in a sonorous voice for more than an hour, the burden of his song being his personal qualifications and his ⁿeed and desire for employment. All I could do was express sincere regret that I knew of no way of helping him and that after all it was his problem and not mine. On the way to the hotel I stopped at a book shop and bought a copy of "Thais" by France.

(Dragoni, Feb.22, pink folder.

"Rome, 22 February 1927.

"Dear Mr. Dragoni:

"Having visited all countries of Europe (except Albania, to be visited later), Russia, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and other countries of North Africa bordering the Mediteranean, meeting with encouraging success in obtaining the promise of cooperation by the proper officials of those countries in the proposed World Agricultural Census of 1930, I am now planning to visit the countries of North America, leaving Rome the second week of March. I shall visit Ottawa, Washington, Havana, and the City of Mexico. I may also try to visit Santo Domingo, Haiti, Porto Rico, and Jamaica. My thought is that the relatively few capitals of North America can be visited before the beginning of June.

"The next most important doubtful country is China. I am informed by a dependable correspondent resident at one of the universities of China that it is highly important for the success of the census project that I visit that country with the least possible delay, because of the length of time for the routine government officials of China to begin or to complete anything. After completing my mission in North America/^Itherefore plan to proceed to Japan and China and thence to the Philippine Islands, the Dutch East Indies, Australia and India. After that my itinerary will depend upon the time available, as I wish to return before the meeting of the General Assembly in 1928; after which I would plan to visit South America, South Africa, and such other countries as may be reached.

"I would much prefer to proceed from North America directly to South America, but that would prevent me from reaching China and other Asiatic countries before 1928, which I fear would be too late to get favorable action in China.

"Although distances will be great and the expense of cabling considerable, I assume that it will be practicable to cable the Institute when I am about to leave a country and to give the name of the place next to be visited. I would suggest that the termination 'co' be added to the name of the country I am leaving as a code word meaning 'responsible officials agree to cooperate in the agricultural census of 1930.' For example, a message from Havana would read 'Ceres, Rome. Cubaco City Mexico,' which would mean that the Cuban officials agree to the census program and that I am leaving Cuba for the capital of Mexico where I can be reached through the American Consul. For such countries as may decline to cooperate in the census program, the termination 'non' can be used.

"I hope that the general itinerary outlined above meets with your approval.

"Very truly yours,

"Leon M. Estabrook.

"Prof. Dragoni,
 "Secretary General,
 "International Institute of Agriculture,
 "Rome."

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2585.

Wednesday, Feb. 23, cloudy and warmer. Mr. Hobson called to tell me that the Secretary General had announced that Mr. Longobardi would be transferred to my office as assistant director of the census project. This was good news and relieved my mind on the score of that appointment, the position having remained vacant two years. Mr. Hobson asked if \$500 could be transferred from my travel allowance from the U.S. Department of Agriculture for ~~whis~~ special investigations, to which I readily agreed. Dictated letters to the Governor General of Indo-China and to the Secretary of the Irish Free State in answer to communications regarding the census. At noon I went over to Mr. Hobson's office to prepare a cablegram to the U.S. Department of Agriculture recommending the appointment of Mr. Longobardi as my assistant (which required the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture under the cooperative agreement).

In the mail from the United States was a notice of the death of George K. Holmes, economist and statistician of my bureau, on February first. He had a long list of bulletins and ²articles to his credit and wrote about dry uninteresting subjects in a smooth, readable, pleasing manner. I had known him only in later life. I liked him, had a high opinion of his ability, and respected his desire to be let alone. When a task was assigned to him he did it thoroughly, collected every scrap of data from every available source, and then squeezed out the last drop of juice from the data, but in doing so he rarely consulted any one else, was completely absorbed in his work, spoke only when spoken to, and was never seen walking with any one on the grounds or lunching with anyone in a restaurant. He always brought his own lunch. For many years he spent his annual vacations in the Blue Ridge or Allegheny Mountains on walking or horseback tours. He had a rare gift for summarizing a complicated mass of heterogeneous facts in clear, ⁱlⁱampⁱad, smoothly flowing lan-

(1927, Fev. Rome. *

E--2586.

guage and for many years he wrote the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. Because of his absorption and aloofness he at one time was the victim of cruel and unjust gossip among a group of clerks in the bureau, which was greatly exaggerated by the secretary of the Secretary of Agriculture and my attention was directed especially to him when I was made chief of the bureau in 1913 with a strong hint that ^{at} he should be eliminated in the interest of reform. I am glad I had sense of justice enough, common sense enough, and human understanding enough, to appreciate the situation and save him to the service. He was much older than I, was bald headed, and at that time occupied a desk alone in a hall room upstairs, surrounded by official reports, papers, dust and cobwebs. He was also a steady smoker, as I was. Occasionally I would slip away from my desk and enter his den very quietly and slip into a chair. He would often be so completely absorbed and abstracted as not to see me at first. Then he would straighten up and he would see me. I would say "Howdy, Mr. Holmes," and he would reply "Howdy, Mr. Estabrook." "Getting along all right," I would ask, and he would answer "All right." "Where ^{are} you now," I would ask, and then he would tell me about the stage he had reached on the task he was working on, and perhaps go into some of the difficulties he had run into, such as lack of data, data that were not comparable, data with gaps in them, ambiguous data, and different interpretations that might be placed on the data, and sometimes we would discuss the probabilities and reasonableness of this or that interpretation, and he seemed to have great respect for my reactions and comments. I suspect we both enjoyed these occasional interviews because they were so far removed from the usual routine, and we thought much alike. Perhaps that is why I still consider him one of the best statisticians and soundest economists of our time.

On one occasion the subject of popular beliefs and their ori-

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2587.

gen, and the difficulty of proving or disproving them, ^{was discussed.} He asked me if I had ever heard or read the statement to the effect that insanity was more prevalent among American farm women than any other class. I said I had read the statement one or more times a year for more than twenty years. He asked if I knew where ~~where~~ that statement started. I said I did not know, but had assumed that it was founded on the known fact that American farm wives were subjected in pioneer days to many hardships, privations, and isolation, so that it sounded reasonable. "That's just it," he said, "it sounds reasonable for the reasons you have stated. But is it true?" Then he went on to say that many years before he tried to verify the statement from the ^{lot} statics on insanity available, but the statistics were rather against. Then he had tried to ascertain the origin of the statement by writing to the editor of every paper that published it and asking where they got it, and always it appeared that they copied it from another paper. Through more than ten years he had followed the quest but never found any one who could say who was responsible for the statement. I suggested that perhaps the statement dated back to the time when ninety percent of the women in the United States were farm women, and therefore a majority of the insane women in the country were farm women, and that this fact had been noted in some publication and had since been copied just because it looked reasonable. He agreed that was the probable explanation. I am sure that when the end came Mr. Holmes met it silently and philosophically. I should like to think of him as buried among the laurels somewhere on his favorite mountains.

Just at closing time Mr. Hodgson came over and sat for nearly an hour. As soon as he left I rode in a taxi across the Tiber to Via Louis Pietro da Palestrina 63 and had a visit with Signora Scolari, my former landlady. Mina, the cheerful little maid, open-

and the difficulty of proving or disproving them. He asked me
 if I had ever heard or read the statement to the effect that
 it was more prevalent among American-born women than any other class.
 I said I had read the statement one or more times a year for more
 than twenty years. He asked if I was aware where that statement
 started. I said I did not know, but had assumed that it was based
 on the known fact that American-born wives were subjected in general
 to more harassment, privation, and isolation, so that it seemed
 as reasonable. "That's just it," he said, "it would be reasonable for
 the reasons you have listed. But is it true?" Then he went on to
 say that many years before he tried to verify the statement from the
 statistics on insanity available, but the statistics were rather scanty.
 Then he had tried to ascertain the origin of the statement by writ-
 ing to the editor of every paper that published it and asking where
 they got it, and always it appeared that they copied it from another
 paper. Through more than ten years he had followed the quest out
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 were born women, and that this fact had been noted in some publica-
 tion and had since been copied just because it looked reasonable. He
 agreed that was the probable explanation. I said that when the
 name Mr. Holmes sat at silently and philosophically, I should
 like to think him as buried among the laurels somewhere on his
 favorite mountain.
 That at closing time Mr. Robinson came over and sat for nearly
 an hour. As soon as he left I rode in a taxi across the river to
 the Hotel Eliseo de Palatinado and had a visit with Mr. Brown
 and Mr. Robert Langley. When the car started I felt a little

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2588.

ed the door for me and seemed overjoyed to see me. The Signora was giving a language lesson for the moment and there was a short wait. Then we had tea together. She said her daughter who had been teaching at Vassar had spent a vacation in Rome the previous summer. Before leaving the Signora asked me if I would like to see Mina's baby that was born the middle of November and of which Mina was excessively proud. Mina brought the bambino in, a beautiful little blue-eyed smiling baby boy that stretched out its little hands to me in a most engaging way. It was quite evident that Mina was very proud of it. The Signora said that when the baby was born Mina could not look after it and the house too, so ~~she~~^h had ~~gotten~~^{persuaded} friends to bring sewing for her to do, and she was doing very nicely. The father of the baby was a ~~carb~~ⁱ~~onieri~~ⁱ soldier and his pay was so small that he could not contribute to its support. Signora Scolari cordially invited me to return to my old rooms in her apartment the next time I should be in Rome. Mina was pleased beyond words when I praised her bambino and expressed the belief that he would grow up to be a fine man and would always be a joy to her.

Thursday, Feb. 24, clear and warm. Spent the day revising correspondence. Had luncheon with Mr. Hobson. After supper encountered the beautiful Milanesa on the Corso and she suggested that she spend the night with me at my hotel. I replied that that would be highly agreeable and very pleasant but was impossible because it ~~is~~^{was} a hotel of priests and while I ~~am~~^{was} there I ~~am~~^{was} a priest, and to bring a lady to one's room would be scandalous. She laughed convulsively and with tears in her eyes said "What a wonderful place that would be for a lady of my profession--there would be so little competition, and I could get absolution and salvation so easily." "But," she added, "don't you know that the priests love us and we love them, and they are very good to us."

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2589.

Friday, Feb.25, clear and warm. I dictated a number of letters and reports. Miss Vanzetti undertook to arrange my photographs, of which there were more than 400 for the last trip. Finished reading "Thais" by France in the evening. I enjoyed reading it, except for the distressing end.

Saturday, Feb.26, showers and warm. Forenoon reading papers and correspondence. Lunched with Hobson, who left early for a game of golf. Miss Vanzetti suffering from a severe cold and looking ill. Bought two more books by Anatole France. After a nap at my room I wrote some letters.

(Mother, Feb.26, pink folder.

(Mrs.Kernan, same.

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2590.

Sunday, Feb. 27, warm springlike day. After breakfast I took a long walk through the ~~old~~ part of the city and saw the beginning of the great work authorized by Mussolini of clearing away buildings and rubbish that hid some of the old historic monuments of Rome. I crossed to ^a Platine Hill and into the old Forum, past the Capitol, and down to a restaurant on the Piazza Venezia^a where I had a cup of coffee, read the morning papers, smoked, and watched the passing pedestrian show. Then back to my room and began reading "La Vie en Fleur" by France.

Shortly after 1 p.m. I went in a taxi to the Hobsons, where I met Mrs. Hobson and Mr. Hobson's mother, and their two attractive children, Merck and Marcellina, the last a lovely little girl born in Rome and just beginning to walk and talk. Also Mr. Hallowell, Rome correspondent of the New York Herald, was there, and very agreeable. He was quite enthusiastic about Albania which he said was then an object of great diplomatic interest because of the efforts of several countries to obtain a controlling influence. He said that so far Italy had won out. Confidentially he outlined some of the devious ways in which that predominance had been won. The visit was an enjoyable one/^{but} ~~and~~ on the long walk back to the hotel which I took for exercise I realized that for some unaccountable reason I was dispondent. For a change in meals I went to the Ristorante Umberto and had a most unsatisfactory supper. The soup was watery and surcharged with ground cheese, the steak was so tough I could not eat it, the potatoes soggy and swimming in olive oil, the bread so hard I could not break it, the only other vegetable a carrot not properly cooked, and I especially dislike carrots, and for desert an orange that was not ripe.. All this did not tend to cheer me up, but a bottle of wine partly compensated for the cost of the meal. I walked back through the deserted streets to the hotel, waited a long time

(1927, Feb. Rome.

E--2591.

ed back to my hotel through deserted streets, and then a long wait for the elevator boy to appear, but at last I reached my room and settled down to read and smoke until I got sleepy and could forget that I was extraordinarily depressed.

I Monday, Feb. 28, fine springlike day. At Mr. Hobson's office *I* learned ~~that~~^{the} the U.S. Department of Agriculture had cabled approval of Mr. Longobardi as my assistant. A little later Mr. Longobardi called at my office to express his appreciation, and we discussed a number of things I had in mind that could be done by him during my absence. Mr. Hobson and I had luncheon in a rotisserie near the American Embassy where we had a dish of roast beef and fried potatoes there were good. After office I walked with Miss Vanzetti to the Piazza del Popolo and we had tea together at Rosatti's. I found myself thinking more and more of the coming trip home.

Tuesday, March 1, clear and warm. Reading Anatole France's "La Vie en Fleur" until 3 a.m., for which reason I overslept and was late in reaching the office. I had a visit from Mrs. Sauter (formerly Miss Broad and my secretary) who said she had been looking for more commodious quarters and a studio for her husband, that her parents were not yet reconciled to her marriage, but that she herself had never regretted the step she had taken. She was much interested in looking through my collection of photographs. After she left both Dr. Salto and Miss Vanzetti came in to discuss questions of office procedure during my absence. The afternoon was a half holiday, but I returned to the office shortly before 3 p.m. and worked until nearly 5 o'clock. At the restaurant I met M. Louis Dop, Vice President of the Institute, and M. Ray, chief of the division of agricultural technique. They were at a near by table, but before leaving came over to sit with me for awhile.

Mch.
(1927, ~~Feb~~ Rome.

E--2592.

Wednesday, ~~Feb~~ March 2, windy and threatening showers. Began working on my itinerary. Visits from Messrs. Hobson and Longobardi. Then Dr. Salto came in and said in French that he had gained the impression of coolness and lack of interest in him on my part and he feared I had taken a dislike to him. I assured him that there was no foundation for that impression and that he need feel no uneasiness so long as he applied himself and took an interest in the work and did his work satisfactorily. On the way to the hotel I bought two books, one French and the other Italian.

Thursday, March 3, clear and warm.. Working on the itinerary. Miss Van Zetti volunteered to past^e my photographs in a binder. Dr. Salto, who was an Egyptian by birth, asked for the loan of the Egyptian negatives. Mr. Walsh, business manager of the Institute, brought over the draft of a proposed letter to the International Education Board regarding the funds for the census project, which I approved. Mr. Longobardi brought over a large atlas showing distances between principal cities. Without railway guides and steamship schedules I had to estimate the time it would take to get from one capital to another in preparing my itinerary. This was not easy to do with maps drawn to different scales, but it had to be done approximately. As it later turned out I greatly underestimated the time involved.

P Lunched with Mr. Hobson, as usual. Miss Vanzetti took up considerable time telling me about her travels in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and other countries when she was about twenty. Just before closing time the Delegate from Mexico came in and was very cordial. I showed him my tentative itinerary, including the city of Mexico, and he said he would write the officials to look out for me. I received a nice letter from the President of the Institute congratulating me on the successful handling of the census project, and a similar let-

(1927, March, Rome.

E--2593.

ter from the Secretary General. I stopped at the American Express and got my steamer ticket to New York.

Friday March 4, clear and warm. I received a letter from Dr. Hutchinson of the International Education Board at Paris asking for an estimate of the funds required for the census project in 1927. I prepared a reply immediately. Mr. Hobson brought over a similar letter and I agreed to furnish him a copy of my reply. Mr. Hodgson came over full of gossip about what was going to happen in the Institutè. In the afternoon Mr. Hubback, former grain technician of the Institute, called. He looked very old and feeble. He said he had a son in India and wanted me to remember to look him up. Miss Vanzetti left the office the same time I did and together we walked to the park entrance. Mr. Hodgson spied us and ran two hundred yards or more to overtake us. He said he was in a hurry to meet his wife, but when I invited Miss Vanzetti and him to take tea with me at Rossatti's, both accepted and he sat with me until six p.m.. Then instead of withdrawing when we emerged from the ~~hot~~ restaurant he followed me almost to my hotel door. He must have thought that I was strangely silent.

At my room I finished reading "Uncle Sam," a ^French book by a Frenchman that expresses utter condemnation of America and Americans, scurrilous in character, accusing Americans of ingratitude, of being insane in their lust for money, and bitterly condemning them for not cancelling the debt of France to the U.S.--conveniently forgetting to mention the fact that those debets were incurred after the close of the war, at the earnest solicitation of French officials and financiers and upon their solemn promise to repay; nor does he allow any credit for the U.S. having cancelled about sixty percent of that debt at the time his book was written. I doubt if this scurrilous libel on the U.S. and its citizens repre-

(1927, March, Rome.

E--2594.

sented public opinion in France, but it unquestionably represented a portion of it. I am keeping the book as a curiosity and a unique specimen of expression of national animosity.

~~(Hutchinson, Mch. 4, pink folder. omit~~

(Wife, ~~same~~.

(1927, Mch. Rome.

E--2595.

Saturday, Mch.5, bright, warm, and springlike. Working on itinerary and correspondence. In the afternoon I took a long walk through a portion of the city that was strange to me. I found a number of squares or plazas surrounded by imposing buildings that were once considered palaces, with large interior courts, arched doorways, fountains and statuary. Also the street life, especially in the poorer quarters where so much of it is to be seen, is a never ending subject of interest.

Sunday, Mch.5, rain and showers. Slept late and went without breakfast. I walked across to the Flora Hotel and read the morning papers. At 1 p.m. I took a taxi to the Hobsons. About 2 p.m. Prof. Ricci, former secretary general of the Institute, came. We had an excellent dinner of hot biscuit, fried chicken and cream gravy, mashed potatoes, turnips, beets, with fruit and nuts for desert, coffee and smokes. Mr. Hobson presented me with a box of 25 Philippino cigars which I suspect he knew I would appreciate more than he did because he was by preference a pipe smoker, whereas I could smoke anything in the shape of a cigar except the terrible Toscan^os. Prof. Ricci occupied a chair in economics at the University of Rome. He remarked that many people would regret that Mr. Hobson was to leave the Institute, and Mr. Hobson replied at once that he knew nothing about it. Prof. Ricci left before I did. Mr. Hobson said that Miss Vanzetti of my office was in constant communication with the Foreign Office and with the committee of 100 with headquarters at Boston, and it was quite evident that he suspected her of spying and disliked her personally. I walked back by way of my office and stopped to revise some correspondence.

Monday, Mch.7, clear and cold. I gave the draft of my Z itinerary to Miss Vanzetti to copy on the typewriter and had her bring certain errors in the statement of my salary and travel ex-

(1927, Mch. Rome.

E--2596.

pense accounts to the attention of the accounting office for correction. Had a call from Mr. Longobardi. Took luncheon with Mr. Hobson, who talked of his boyhood and told how he walked 75 miles for a colt that his grandfather had promised him if he would not smoke or drink. At the office Miss Vanzetti spent some time in recounting her private life in Australia, and some incidents connected with the interview that David Lubin had with the King, in which her adopted father had a part as well as Madame Agresti and her friends.

Tuesday Mch.8, rained all night and practically all day.

P2597
At the American Express I left an order for a railway ticket to Naples and bought some dollars and Italian lire and travellers checks. The rather narrow Via Barbarini between the Piazza de Spagna and the Piazza del Popolo was wet, soppy, and muddy, and when the tram cars and automobiles passed they ~~splashed~~ ~~they splashed~~ pedestrians, sidewalks and walls with the dirty slush. I dictated a letter to the American Express outlining the method of handling my funds and keep^{ing} me supplied by cable during my absence. Took luncheon with Mr. Hobson, who assured me that Miss V., my secretary, was a confirmed liar--which made me wonder what was back of it all. I strongly suspected that there was female friction between his secretary and mine, both having been very friendly and close and then ceasing to be on speaking terms. A mere male can never know.

Mr. Salto was away for the afternoon to take his wife to a hospital. Miss V. said that she understood that he had been implicated in a plot and had to flee from Egypt several years before; that he went to France; that because of various misdeeds he was in prison for some months; that on being released he came to Italy; and that when he applied for permanent status in the Institute the Egyptian Minister had intervened to prevent it; and that now he was trying to get the new Minister to withdraw the objection of his government.

P 2598 out also P2599

(1927, Mch. Rome.

E--2600.

~~the home~~ ~~files~~.

Thursday, Mch.10, cloudy and threatening rain. On the way to the office I bought some paper white narcissus and violets from the old flower woman in the alley which I presented to Miss V. Revising instructions to the office force and correspondence. *P*At 10.30 a.m. had an interview with President De Michelis, who was very friendly and complimented me on my success in winning the support of the officials of the various governments for the census project. He spoke of the financial difficulties of the Institute and asked me to make a special effort to secure additional funds, either from the International Education Board or from the United States Congress. I said that I could make no promises, because I was a poor solicitor for funds, but could assure him that I would take advantage of every opportunity to speak of the important work of the Institute and make it clear that the work of the Institute was greatly handicapped for lack of sufficient funds. He mentioned a visit he had made to the United States in 1922, Chicago, St. Louis, the Pacific Coast, New Orleans, Mexico, and Cuba. He said he was well acquainted with Secretary Davis of the Interior Department and that as Commissioner of Emigration of Italy he and Mr. Davis had reached an agreement with regard to the handling of Italian laborers. I asked if he had seen South America, and he replied that he had visited Buenos ⁱAyres, San Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro about 25 years before. Then we discussed emmigration to the Argentine. He said that within the last month he had helped organize an Italo-English-Argentine bank especially to facilitate colonization along the Argentine railroads and that Great Britain had ^rcont_hributed 70 million pounds for this purpose. We separated with mutual compliments. He impressed me as a very able and exceptionally well informed man. We were both a little embarrassed at first because of language. I asked if he understood English and

(1927, Mch., Rome.

E--2601.

he said he did. Although I spoke slowly and distinctly I realized at once that he did not fully understand what I was saying. Then I suggested that while I could not express myself properly in Italian I could understand it when spoken by an educated Italian, and I proposed ^a ~~that~~ he speak in Italian and I would ~~sspeak~~ speak in French, a little mixed with Italian and Spanish--because I had come to realize that I could not keep the three languages entirely separate in my efforts to speak any one of them. However, on this basis we got along very well.

Next I had an interview with the Secretary General. He also harped on the financial difficulties of the Institute and expressed the hope that I might do something about it in the United States. He brought up the subject of Miss Vanzetti's salary. Soon after her appointment I learned that she was receiving only 900 lire a month, about \$36. I had at once recommended an increase to 1,500, or about ~~\$5~~ \$60, on the ground that if she was sufficiently competent to serve as my secretary she should have a salary sufficient to live on without engaging in outside work. This recommendation was made before I was acquainted with Miss Vanzetti's special qualifications and at a time when I was unfavorably ~~impressed~~ impressed by her talkativeness. The Secretary General said no action had been taken on my recommendation because of the financial situation of the Institute. I suggested that the census office had been economical and had an unexpended balance from the allotment of the Institute to its credit, and wanted to know why that balance could not be used. He evaded the question by beginning to discuss tropical agriculture, its importance, and the lack of attention given to it in the past.

Next I saw Mr. Walsh, business manager of the Institute who had jurisdiction over the accounts. He said Miss Vanzetti had talked scandalously to the accountant about the discrepancy in the last

(1927, Mehm Rome.

E--2602.

salary check (a shortage of \$100), which was not a mistake of the bookkeeper, but was due to the fact that the Institute ran short that month and would make it up the next month. I suggested that it might have been well to have notified me of the shortage at the time the check was deposited rather than let me detect it in checking up the account statement. I asked why the bookkeeper did not explain this to Miss Vanzetti when I sent her over to see about it. He said it was because Miss Vanzetti talked so fast and so steadily that no mere man could get in a word edgewise and the bookkeeper was paralyzed. He assured me that on the first of the following month the shortage would be made up. He pointed out that an advance of \$500 a month for travel would exhaust the travel allowance of the International Education Board before the close of the year. I told him that I fully understood the situation, but I wanted the advances to continue until the allowance was exhausted and then I would make other arrangements with the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

It was noon when I returned to the Cassetta. I telephoned to ask Mr. Hobson if he would lunch with me. He said he had some gentlemen with him and would I lunch with them. I met them on the grounds. There were two gentlemen with Mr. Hobson, one of them was introduced as a count and was very distinguished looking. It appeared that the count had been connected with the Italian legation at Washington, had an American wife, and a son at Harvard. The other gentleman I learned was in charge of printing and propaganda in the office of the President of the Institute. He also had spent several years in the United States. It soon developed that both gentlemen were trying to bring about a rapprochement between Mr. Hobson and President De Michelis. They did it very courteously and very skillfully, but

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Mr. Hobson was obdurate--his amour propre had been too deeply wounded by the President ever to forgive him or deal with him except as a deadly foe. We had an excellent luncheon at the Excelsior Hotel and separated at 3 p.m. *P* At the office I had an interview with Mr. Dore, who was very affable. Then upstairs for a parting word with Mr. Montgomery, acting chief of economics. Next I said good by~~e~~ to Mr. Hodgson, the librarian. I met old M. Du Vuyst of Belgium, who wished me "Bon voyage. " *M*

Friday, March 11, fair and warm. Mr. Hobson called at the hotel just as I was leaving and he went with me to the railway station. I saw my baggage weighed, paid the charges, and got a seat in a compartment. There I was joined by Messrs. Longobardi and Salto who came to see me off. En route to the station Mr. Hobson said the gentlemen we had dined with the previous day were close friends of President De Michelis and they had said that the President was extremely anxious to keep on good terms with the United States. I told him of my interviews with the President and the Secretary General and their interest in obtaining additional funds from the United States. Mr. Hobson seemed anxious. I volunteered the statement that if I were

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consulted after my return to the United States I would not hesitate to advise the officials of our State and Agricultural Departments to be guided by the permanent delegate of the United States at Rome in any matter of policy regarding the International Institute of Agriculture. This seemed to please him greatly.

A few minutes before the train started I bid good by to my companions and entered my compartment on the train. I had placed one of my bags on the seat next to the window to reserve it. I now found it occupied by a little old lady who turned to me with a baleful glare and announced rather sharply "All seats in this compartment are engaged." (She spoke English and was clearly American.) "Yes," I said, "so it appears. You are occupying a seat I had reserved long before you came. I placed my bag in it, which is the customary way of reserving a seat in Europe. Among ladies and gentlemen it is not considered necessary to camp out on a seat to hold it. But keep my seat if you wish; I see that you are older than I." She gasped "Oh," and shrunk up in the corner.

Then a large & woman with red hair and a good natured face entered and took a seat opposite the old lady. I soon learned that she was from Canada.

Just as the train started an exceptionally pretty young woman with an armfull of flowers entered and flounced down in the seat next to me.

The old lady and the Canadian lady seemed to know each other; ~~at least~~ ^{at least} they began to talk to each other quite as a matter of course. As soon as the train began to move the young woman began to tell the other ladies about how wonderful the young Italian officers were. She had had a wonderful time with them. She said some of the young aviators had promised to meet the train somewhere on the Campagna. Sure enough, a short distance out from Rome four or five planes

(1927, March, Rome-Naples.

E--2605.

circled over and about the train rather low down, and followed it for a mile or two. The young woman was hysterical with delight and leanded out ^{of} the window and waved her handkerchief at the planes above. I have never seen such an exhibition of feminine delight, ~~excitement~~, and excitement as she gave, not even in a child. She volunteered the information that she was sure the officers waved their hands at her and ^aha recognized her. She resumed her seat for awhile, smoked a succession of cigarettes, and talked freely, and even swore roundly from time to time, flirted with each of the guards on the train and with some soldiers in the corridor, although she could not speak a word of Italian or French. During one of her quieter interludes I addressed her, saying, "I see that you are from the United States; may I ask what city?" She looked at me rather coldly and her only reply was to send a puff of cigarette smoke in my direction. Instinctively and instantly I sent a ring of cigar smoke straight into her face and kept my eyes on hers. She shifted her eyes and said in a petulant tone, as if greatly annoyed at my presumption, and said, "I'm from Philadelphia and have left my husband, if you wan't to know." There had been a peculiar noise, something between a chuckle and a giggle, from the red headed Canadian lady when my cigar smoke ring answered the young woman's contemptuous cigarette puff, and now it appeared that she was greatly enjoying herself and her eyes were bright and twinkling. The old lady was leaning forward and regarding us with great interest. I answered the young lady, "Oh, it doesn't make the slightest difference to anybody in the world but you and your husband; I simply inquired as a matter of common courtesy between two Americans in a foreign country, the courtesy that all well bred American children are taught. Of course some children, even American children, are incapable of learning good manners, which is something of a misfortune--

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E--2606.

for them.= The young woman did not answer. She looked straight at the opposite wall, with a slight air of defiance, and puffed steadily at a cigarette. I glanced at the red headed Canadian and she smiled encourageingly and nodded. The young woman was petite, plump, well formed, very pretty and attractive, but with a bold, petulant expression in her face. Just then an Italian soldier in uniform passed slowly in front of the compartment door. The young woman jumped up to join him. She asked him a question in English which, of course, he did not understand, but he did understand her sex appeal, and then for an hour they stood side by side rubbing shoulders as they looked out of one of the corridor windows. The other two women in the compartment then began to talk. The old lady said acidly that it was a sin and a shame and a scandal. The Canadian lady said "Of course it is, when carried to such an extreme and so obvious. Any woman can have all the Italian officers she wants, poor wretches, so long as she will pay for the teas, the liquers, the taxies and the theater tickets, and be a mistress to them besides; but no lady would be satisfied with attentions secured in that way. Certainly no American or Canadian gentleman would be satisfied to win a woman that way," and she looked at me for confirmation. "Well," I responded, "it looks to me as if some of the ~~deserving~~ young Italian wretches have had and will have some good ^P sport with this specimen from the City of Brotherly ^{or Sisterly} Love." Then the Canadian lady volunteered the information that the three women were not traveling together; they had simply stopped at the same hotel, been seated at the same table, and all happened to be going to Naples on the same train. Also she said the younger one had confided in them that she was the wife of a highly respected young physician of good family in Philadelphia, that he was ^a ~~suing~~ her for divorce, and while the suit was in progress he had sent her abroad, and she wanted everybody to know that she

(1927, March, Rome-Naples.

E--2807.

was going to have a good time. I glanced out in the corridor and saw that now the young lady had a soldier on each side of her, one of them with his arm about her waist and the other with his hand on her hip. I motioned to the Canadian lady to come to the door. She did so, gave one look, and retired to her seat laughing. "Confirmation and success," I remarked, "and two poor wretches are passing the time very agreeably with her." "Oh, yes," she replied a little tartly, "she'll be a success as long as ^{until} her husband's money holds out and the divorce is granted. I don't envy her what comes after." "That all depends," I said; "if the good little fairies will just lead her to her male American counterpart, and there are some such, with more of grandpa's money than they know what to do with, and they get married, may be they will live happily ever after." "But think of the horrible risks she is running," the Canadian replied. "Perhaps," I rejoined "if we Anglo-Saxons were not so solemn, so dignified, ^{so wise, so prudent,} /so moral, so puritanical, so artificial, and so hypocritical, and thought less of future risks and the preservation and salvation of our immortal souls, and were a little more natural and reasonable, we might all be happier. Perhaps a lot of us are blinded by tradition." "May be you are right," she answered in a softened tone of voice, and she looked thoughtfully out of the window. The old lady in the corner seemed to have faded out of the picture, although she was still there and seemed to be awake. I settled back in my seat to smoke and philosophically watch the young woman in the corridor practicing her sex appeal on the two young soldiers. When next I glanced at the Titian haired Canadian lady she was regarding me with a most peculiar smile. I smiled back, and observed that she also was attractive. But neither spoke--simply a look of mutual understanding. And so ended that little drama, all the more interesting because it was both real and wholly unexpected.

(QOWU, March, Rome-Naples.

E--2608.

It was a bright, sunshiny day, neither too cold nor too warm, and therefore very pleasant. The mountains were glistening white with snow. The (near by fields) were green with wheat. Some peasants were plowing with white oxen, some were spading up the earth, and some were cutting weeds with hoes. In a stony meadow I saw an old woman tending a small flock of sheep, with a distaff in one hand and a bunch of wool in the other which she was spinning. At the table in the diner I sat ^{beside} ~~with~~ a priest from Quebec and opposite a young English woman.

As we approached Naples we could see Mt. Vesuvius, but not clearly because it was enveloped in fog. Upon arrival I went to the Hotel Londres, with which I was familiar, along with many other guests who were leaving on the same boat. I succeeded in getting a ^{small} ~~small~~ room, but it took an extraordinarily long time to get the servants, an old man and an old woman, to set the room in order, probably because they were fishing for tips. It was more than an hour before my hand baggage was brought up. I waited five minutes by the clock for the elevator to start. However, by 3.30 p.m. I got my hand baggage and was free to move about. At the office of the Navigazione ~~Nazion-~~ ~~ale~~ Generale Italiana I was given my ticket for the S.S. Duilio and learned that the boat would dock at 6 a.m., passengers could go aboard after 10 a.m., and she would sail at 3 p.m. I took a long walk through the narrow, dirty, ill-smelling streets and back to a restaurant where I had a Martini and read a copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Then back to the hotel for a nap from 6 to 8 p.m. After a most disappointing supper in the hotel I retired early.

Saturday, Mch. 12, bright, clear and warm. After breakfast I ^obought a sufficient supply of the cheap Italian cigars to last through the voyage, knowing that they would be expensive on the ship. I

It was a bright, sunny day, neither too cold nor too warm, and therefore very pleasant. The mountains were glistening white with snow. The snow on the peaks was green with moss, some peaks were blowing with white snow, some were shading up the sides, and some were cutting weeds with frost. In a stony meadow I saw an old woman tending a small flock of sheep, with a distaff in one hand and a bunch of wool in the other which she was spinning. At the table in the dining room I sat with a friend from Sweden and opposite a young English woman.

As we approached Naples we could see St. Vesuvius, but not clearly because it was enveloped in fog. Upon arrival I went to the Hotel Danubio, with which I was familiar, along with many other guests who were leaving on the same boat. I succeeded in getting a room, but it took an extraordinarily long time to get the key, as an old man and an old woman, to get the room in order, probably because they were waiting for tips. It was more than an hour before my hand baggage was brought up. I waited five minutes by the clock for the elevator to start. However, by 7.30 p.m. I got my hand baggage and was free to move about. At the office of the Navigatione Italiana I was given my ticket for the S.S. Baldo and learned that the boat would dock at 8 a.m., passengers could go aboard after 10 a.m., and she would sail at 3 p.m. I took a long walk through the narrow, dirty, ill-smelling streets and back to a restaurant where I had a Martini and read a copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Then back to the hotel for a nap from 6 to 8 p.m. After a most disappointing supper in the hotel I retired early.

Saturday, Feb. 12, bright, clear and warm. After breakfast I bought a sufficient supply of the cheap Italian cigars to last through the voyage, knowing that they would be expensive on the ship. I

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settled my account and asked the young lady cashier to change a note for 2,000 lire. She was very slow about it and kept me waiting until I got very impatient. When I counted the money she returned to me, in her presence, I could find only 1,500 lire instead of 2,000. This resulted in an argument. She first claimed I had not given her a note for 2,000 lire. I insisted that she open a certain drawer and look at the top note, because I had seen her put it there. She did so and it was for 2,000. Then she insisted there must be 2,000 lire in the notes she had given me. I shoved them over to her and asked her to count them slowly in my presence. She did so with very bad grace because ~~then~~ by this time the manager was looking at her. When she found there was only 1,500 in the pile she added a note for the missing 500 to it. She seemed so distressed that I simply took the money and thanked her. I wondered what was back of it all, whether she had been tempted to try to short-change me or whether some private or domestic trouble had made her inattentive and caused her to make a mistake.

Shortly before 11 a.m. I went to the dock, passed customs, and went aboard the great Duilio. She was anchored alongside the S.S. Adriatic, the White Star Line steamer on which I made my first ocean voyage in 1920. Both ships were of about the same size, 24,000 tons. My cabin was away down in the interior. After getting settled I went to the smoking lounge and had a whiskey and soda. It was back of the dining room on the main deck and looked out on the quarters occupied by the second class passengers, of which there seemed to be many. At the inquiry desk I was surprised to find the young man who was purser on the old Colombo the year before and we both recognized each other and we both laughed at the excursion he had organized at Casablanca for Rabat. He had been promoted to a position on the crack steamer Duilio. I left with him a request to try to find

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E--2610.

for me an outside cabin. After luncheon I sat in the lounge for a while with a cup of coffee. The inquiry clerk came to me and said the captain and the executive officer wanted to see me. I wondered what for, what had I done, and why did they want to see me. I found them waiting for me in the dining salon. The captain announced that they had received a letter from President De Michelis of the International Institute of Agriculture asked^{ing} them to look out for me. They were both very courteous and said that if I wanted anything to let them know. He was the same captain I had seen on the Colombo and he, too, had been transferred to the Duilio. He was very dignified and punctilious, so much so that I took a dislike to him on the spot, but thanked him for his courtesy. Within an hour the inquiry officer reported that my baggage had been transferred to an outside cabin two decks above. It was spacious and comfortable.

I made the acquaintance of a young man from Pittsburgh who had been to Egypt with a moving picture camera. Also I met a young engineer from Boston whom I had met on the S.S. Sardinia from Catania to Alexandria. In the evening all seats in the great dining room were occupied. At my table was an old lady in her 89th year returning to her home in California with a French ~~maux~~ maid; two women from Kansas; one from Philadelphia; and an old icicle on my right. Soon everyone began to talk agreeably and get acquainted, except the ~~xi~~ icicle. After supper my Pittsburgh acquaintance and I sat with the Kansas and the Philadelphia ladies awhile in the lounge and listened to some good music by a small orchestra. At 10 p.m. the orchestra began to play dance music, but there was no dancing. Looking at the faces of the first class passengers I judged that their average age was about fifty-five.

The Duilio¹ was a ~~stax~~ passenger steamer de luxe, but it was high up and looked top heavy and I wondered if it would not roll

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E--2611.

badly in heavy seas. Practically the whole upper deck was given up to spacious salons which looked to be about fifty feet wide by seventyfive feet long, and all most artistically decorated.

Unfortunately the sky became overcast about noon and there were heavy showers so that Naples, the bay, Mt. Vesuvius, Capri, and other islands were obscured; and later it turned cold.

Sunday, March 13, glorious sunshine, strong head winds, a rising sea and racing whitecaps. I slept through to 9 a.m.. Had a nice breakfast and the first taste of grapefruit in more than a year. Took a brisk walk on the upper deck and enjoyed the sunshine, the wind and the waves. It was exhilarating, glorious, and I was homeward bound. In the smoking lounge I began reading Booth Tarkington's "The ^uPlatocrat," which no one can fully appreciate who has not traveled in Europe and North Africa and in ships. This book was said to have been written on this ship, the *Duilio*, and certain passages in the book make it seem not improbable. To me it was highly entertaining and I enjoyed it greatly.

Had ^a good luncheon and learned the names of my table companions. The Icicle broke her silence and I learned that she was from Los Angeles. Took a long nap and a promenade on deck before supper. After supper our table party sat for awhile in the lounge, conversing and listening to the music. However, most of the passengers were past middle age and inclined to be conservative and solemn. The Pittsburg engineer was an exception. We adjourned to the smoking lounge and over a whiskey and soda he related an adventure he had with a bride in Naples. He ~~said~~ ^{si} he had spent one day and a night in Naples. During the day he met an attractive young woman in evident distress at the hotel where he was stopping. She had asked a question and he had answered it. Then they began to converse. She said that she and her husband were on their honeymoon and had come to Naples a

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day or two before. They had quarrelled and he had disappeared, leaving her alone, forlorn, angry, desperate, without money, in a strange city and a strange hotel and among people whose language she did not understand. That was why in her desperation she had spoken to him, because she saw that he was an American. She ~~had~~^{had} remained alone in the hotel for 24 hours waiting for her husband to return and was afraid to venture out on the street lest she might get lost. The young engineer invited her to go sightseeing with him and she gladly accepted. They spent the day sightseeing, had a nice supper together, ~~had~~ a stroll on the street, and then some drinks at a restaurant. By the time they returned to the hotel they were very friendly, as if they had known each other for many years. When they returned to the hotel, there had been no word of the missing husband. As the young engineer was to leave the next day, he expected to say good ~~not~~^{night} to the young lady, with the probability that he would never see her again. On the contrary, when he stepped out of the elevator she followed him. He stood hesitating and a little embarrassed, but as soon as the elevator dropped out of sight she announced that she would spend the night with him--she did not want to spend ~~the~~ another night alone, and no doubt her husband would spend the night with some strange woman and she ~~sa~~^{saw} no reason why she should not spend the night with a gentleman who had been so good to her during the day. So she spent the night with him.

"What do you think of it?" my companion asked when he had finished. "I'm wondering if the lady was exactly what she represented herself to be" I replied. "Either that or she was a consummate actress," he replied; "I do not believe that any woman could have acted the part for a day and a night without exposing herself to suspicion, and I have none. I think her story was true and that her strange conduct toward me was due to deep-seated anger, exasperation,

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E--2613.

and resentment against her faithless husband and the cruel circumstances in which he had left her. It was the natural reaction and recklessness of an enraged woman who felt that she had been cruelly wronged."

After my companion left I sat in a luxurious chair, sipped several whiskeys and sodas²²_K, smoked, and finished "The Plutocrat," a combination that I can recommend.

Monday, March 14, a beautiful sunshiny day with a calm sea. We passed Gibraltar at 7 a.m. Saw a school of porpoises turning pinwheels. Spent a part of the forenoon talking with some of the passengers; a banker^e from Omaha and his wife, a Jewish gentleman and his wife from Cincinnati, and had a long promenade with an elderly gentleman from Boston, named Cabot, ~~and~~ who related the old anecdote to the effect that a certain family from Boston ~~said they~~ talked^{only}_^ with the Cabots and the Cabots talked with God. I read the story "Jocasto" by France, a good story with a bad ending. *P* In the evening I listened to a lecture by a man who called himself a psychologist on "Some things people ought to know," which was to the general effect that the subconscious self, the real self, the soul, or the spirit of man that is born with each individual and leaves the body at death, has its seat in a great nerve center in the spine just back of the solar plexus, and that by conscious effort any one can train his subconscious self to do anything that he desires. He also asserted that by will power and the training of the subconscious self one could make himself immune to all sorts of physical ailments--sea sickness, for example; and that if a child never heard of sea sickness the malady would not exist for the child and it would be impossible for it to suffer from it--all of which is contrary to the experience and observation of many people. I was unkind enough to wonder why the speaker had not taken some of his own medicine and

and treatment against her father's husband and the other persons
 in which he had been. It was the husband's condition and
 recklessness of an engaged woman who had been married
 in wronged."

After my conversation with him in a lecture hall, I read
 several minutes and then, asked, and finished "The Plotter,"
 a condition that I was prepared.

Monday, March 12, a beautiful sunny day with a calm sea.

We passed Gibraltar at 1 a.m. and a school of porpoises
 spent a part of the forenoon talking with some of the
 passengers; a bank of thick clouds and his wife, a Jewish gentleman

and his wife from Cincinnati, and a long procession when an
 elderly gentleman from Boston, named Cabot, who related the old

anecdote to the effect that a certain family from Boston and
 talked with the Cabots and the Cabots talked with Bob. I read the

story "Jocasta" by Ibsen, a good story with a bad ending. In the
 evening I listened to a lecture by a man who called himself a psy-

chologist on "Some things people ought to know," which was to the
 effect that the subconscious will, the soul, the soul,

of the spirit of man that is born with each individual and I even
 the body at death, had been in a great many bodies in the past.

Just back of the solar system, and that by conscious effort any one
 can train his consciousness to do anything that he desires. He also

asserted that by will power and the training of the subconscious will
 one could make himself immune to all kinds of physical ailments--

achilles, for example; and that it is only a matter of time and
 that the body would not exist but the soul and it would be im-

possible for it to exist in it all or which is contrary to the
 experience and observation of many people. I was unable enough to

wonder why the speaker had not taken some of his own medicine and

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thereby improve his personal appearance and his speaking delivery. Also why his mother, who was with him, had not been able to demonstrate over her body that was crippled with rheumatism so that she had to make use of a cane. Skepticism was rife in the audience, but no one felt that it was worth while to ask embarrassing questions.

Tuesday, March 15, Bright clear and calm. After breakfast walked the upper deck and saw a school of porpoises that was an object of interest to the second class passengers on the forward deck below. . A cold wind sprang up about noon, became stronger in the afternoon and the sea began to rise. At noon we had a full table, six elderly women and myself. At supper I was alone. I finished reading some of the short stories of Anatole France, and began reading "Il Piacere" by Gabriel D'Annuncio, which is a story of a young and wealthy Italian at Rome who spent^t his life in beautifying his surroundings and making love to beautiful women. After supper I talked with an insurance superintendent from Boston who said he knew Mr. Coolidge quite well. He said that Mr. Coolidge was generally popular because of his Yankee common sense, his program of economy, and his taciturnity. He related the following anecdote:

There was a policemen's strike in Boston when Mr. Coolidge was governor of the State. He sat behind his desk when a delegation of policemen was shown in. The spokesman, a big Irishman, had prepared a speech with elaborate care and he delivered it in stentorian tones. It was to the general effect that if Mr. Coolidge continued to oppose the organization and the strike of the policemen each and every member of the delegation and of the organization would would take an active and effective part in ~~xxx~~ the next political campaign in opposition to Mr. Coolidge and insure his defeat. The address was delivered with impassioned eloquence. At its ~~xx~~ conclusion there was no response from the governor. He sat behind his desk and silently

looked the delegation in the eye. The spokesman, thinking perhaps, that the governor had not fully comprehended the import of his message proceeded to recite it all over again, this time emphasizing especially the intention of the delegation to take the stump in the field against Mr. Coolidge. When he finished his second oratorical effort there was an embarrassing pause of silence while the delegation waited expectantly for a decision from the oracle. It came:

"Wall, what's a-keeping ye," was the answer.

After supper and music in the lounge came moving pictures, including a scene showing the launching of the new Augustus Caesar, the sister ship of the Duilio. However this did not last long because the ship began to rock badly and by 10.30 p.m. most of the passengers had disappeared. I sat awhile in the beautiful smoking salon entirely alone and read D'Annunczio's "Il Piacere." At 12.30 a.m. I walked through the upper part of the ship and found it completely deserted. Apparently I had the whole superstructure to myself. In addition to rolling badly the ship was groaning. The Duilio was unique among the ships on which I have voyaged ^{because} ~~in that~~ whenever in rough water she was subject to peculiar internal spasms, a spasm accompanied by a distinct jolt, jar, and trembling of the body of the ship and a noise as of breaking timbers, exactly as if the ship had ran into a submerged rock, slid up on it, poised for a moment, and slid off on the other side. The next day I asked one of the officers about it and he said it was the "cantilever construction" of the ship that was responsible for this peculiar behavior. He said it was really a great hinge in the hull that made the ship flexible, thereby increasing the seaworthiness of the ship, and that in a rough sea the hull actually bent a little under the strain, and it was this ^{buckling} ~~bending~~ that jarred the ship and made the peculiar noises.

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E--2616.

Wednesday, March 16, showers and rough sea. The agitated sea was like beaten silver when the sun came out between showers. The few passengers who were at breakfast wore a selfcomplacent and superior look because they were up and about when so many were confined to their cabins. Finished reading D'Annuncio's "Il Piacere," a curious tale of a young man who spent his life in pursuit of women, married and single, but the story appears to have no particular objective and is therefore inconclusive and unsatisfactory. Had a long promenade with Mr. Cabot, who had much to say about the Navy and expressed his disapproval of ~~Mr.~~ President Wilson and his Mexican policy. Luncheon, nap, promenade on deck, whiskey and soda, smokes, and reading, and supper alone. My six female table companions not in sight today. A gentleman at a near by table called out to me, "Where is the harem," and I replied, "Under lock and key for protection; it is paraded only on special occasions." Took a turn about deck again. The weather was mild and the sea was like a dark rushing river with hissing spray flying over the sides of the ship. From the library I got Alfcado Hearn's "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." After listening to the music awhile in the social lounge I adjourned to the smoking room, which I had entirely to myself. With a good light, a good book, whiskey and soda, and cigars, I spent the evening very comfortably.

Thursday, March 17, partly cloudy, strong wind, and high seas with much flying spray. Decks on the windward side drenched all day. The meals were excellent, the harem invisible, and I ate alone. Same comfortable, pleasing routine--reading, smoking, walking on deck, eating, long naps, and watching the ever changing sea and sky.

Friday, March 18, showers, strong wind, high seas, and ship's cantilever mechanism in action with disquieting bumps and rumbles as if we were sliding over rocks. Finished Hearn's "Unfamiliar

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E--2617.

Japan," which was delightful ~~reading~~, and began reading "El Gaucho," a Spanish romance picturing the life of a South American cowboy. A good part of the day was ~~spent~~ in the lounge reading and listening to music, or on deck watching the great waves rise and fall against the sky line. Had no desire to write and found my^sself thinking more and more of the arrival at New York. It seemed hardly possible that in four more days I should be with my family and in my own house in Washington.

Saturday, March 18, fair and cool, sea calming down, but ship rolling from side to side. Warm enough to go without overcoat. Followed my regular program of eating, sleeping, reading, smoking, watching the sea and sky, long promenades on deck, and conversation with casual acquaintances. I ^{or}thoroughly enjoyed this pleasant, luxurious, irresponsible life and wished it might go on indefinitely. Four of my female table companions were out for supper; the octogenarian from California and her French companion, with whom I conversed in French; the Kansas lady, who was not^xmally attractive for a woman of her age, but distant and icy in manner to all about her; and a lady from Minneapolis who had recently lost her mother in Florence and seemed to be in bad health. Coffee was served in the lounge with music by the orchestra, followed by motion pictures, one a thriller from India. I was joined in the smoking lounge by the young engineer from Pittsburgh, who was very companionable.

Sunday, March 20, mild and showery. Read a play in the original by D'Annuncio and a book entitled "Devil's Island." The "Captain's Supper" was held in the evening, but without the captain. As a matter of fact the officers on Italian ships carefully avoid mixing with the passengers and are seldom seen. The dining salon was and tables were decorated, there was extra food and wines, paper caps, confetti, and souvenirs. The one at my plate was a small leath-

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E--2618.

er covered memorandum book, a red ribbon, and a little China bowl.

After supper there ~~was~~ music followed by dancing. I sat with three of the ladies from my table. They were dressed in their finest ~~gowns~~ looked almost attractive, and were very affable. After the ball was over we walked to the rear of the smoking lounge and listened to a group of young Italian second class passengers singing their native folk songs. They were good singers and we enjoyed the entertainment. After this was over I went to the smoking lounge and was joined by the insurance man from Boston and we had a whiskey and soda together. He said that President Wilson was very much of a ladies man, perhaps not more so than most healthy men, but his conduct was notorious because of his high position as president of Princeton University. We had something of an argument over his characterization of President Wilson's love life as scandalous. He admitted that most other men in all positions have ^{extra marital} love affairs; also that those love affairs did not impair his scholarship, his distinction as an educator, or his success as a politician, and that at one time he occupied a conspicuous position in ~~work~~ the making of world history. I argued that President Wilson was admittedly a scholar and a gentleman and that he had rendered conspicuous public service; that in doing so he had led a strenuous public life, and if he had love affairs it was nobody's business but his own and of the ladies concerned, and that if there had been any scandal it originated with the scandal mongers, who were themselves ^{and prevarient in their thoughts,} notoriously immoral, although hypocritically puritanical. I expressed the opinion that it was a thousand pities that scandal mongers could not be shamed and silenced by having their own private lives exposed to public view and comment, but I realized that such a method was impractical because most scandal mongers are so untruthful, so vicious, and so cowardly that it would be difficult to pin a search warrant on one of them. The subject was dropped.

(1927, March, Naples--N.Y.

E--2619.

Monday, March 21. Another day of mild weather, April showers, and a calm sea. At the breakfast table a lady from New York told of her trouble in catching the boat at Naples, all because she waited for the hotel bus and the bus was held up at a railway crossing by a long freight train; how at the gang plank the officials refused to pass her on the visée and she~~d~~ stood ~~by~~ shedding tears of vexation and desperation while a guide tried to explain the delay in reaching the wharf, and how at the last minute they consented to let her go and she ran onto the gang plank just as it was withdrawn and the ship began to move. *P*On deck I had an interesting conversation with the French companion of the old lady from California. She said her home was in Lyons and that her husband was a sculptor; that she ran a boarding house in New York City for four years until the war broke out; and how she had been engaged to look after the old lady and see her safely home. The old lady herself came out and ⁹ talked with her awhile. She said she had grown up with her family in the West Indies, that she had lived many years at Curaçao where *✓* her family owned many slaves, that after the slaves were freed the family moved to New York, that she had met Bismark, Emperor William, and the present King of Italy, and she spoke of some of the peculiarities of French law, one of which was that when a foreigner dies in France his possessions are seized and held by the government to insure that it gets its share; and another was that neither old people nor French citizens could be evicted from apartment houses.

I took a turn about the deck and was joined by Mr. Cabot. He led me to his wife who was sitting in a deck chair, a middle aged New England woman, typically Bostonese, exceedingly homely, with exceedingly bad manners, exceedingly positive in expressing her views, a regular female battle-axe, the kind I particularly dislike, as did my father before me. She announced that she did not like

(1927, March, Naples--N.Y.

E--2620.

Washington, "it is so vulgah, you know. It has no society. So many peasants from the West." She said she had gone to Washington during the war and nobody paid the slightest attention to her; that she had organized poultry clubs in Boston to contribute to the food supply of the nation, and when she went to the Department of Agriculture to see Secretary Houston she was kept waiting ~~ever~~ so long, and when she explained her plan to have every family in the United States keep a flock of chickens he showed not the slightest interest and his only comment was that the plan was incomplete because if every family kept a flock of chickens it should also keep a cow and some pigs, ^{and might grow potatoes in pots,} especially those living in apartment houses. "Why, the nerve of the man, to say that to me, a Cabot from Boston." In fact, she said, the Secretary seemed anxious to get rid of her. I was her victim for an hour, she reclining comfortably in a steamer chair and I standing first on one leg and then on another, until finally I lost patience and excused myself and left abruptly while she was in the middle of a sentence. I carefully avoided her thereafter. She was about the worst human pest I ever encountered--and right then and there was greatly intensified a growing contempt for Boston self-complacency, the most insular and provincial of all towns and people of the United States.

We ran into fog late in the afternoon and the ship slowed down and the syren blew periodically. Had an excellent supper and a whole bottle of wine. The harem was on exhibition in full evening dress and decorations and all in good humor. After coffee and music ~~in the lounge~~ the Minnesota banker came to me and together we went up to the smoking lounge and had a whiskey and soda together. In fact we had two whiskeys and sodas to celebrate our last night aboard the Duilio de luxe. It was a very pleasant evening and we retired at 1.30 a.m.

(1927, March, N.Y.--Washington.

E--2621.

Tuesday, March 22, clear and cool. Up at 7 a.m. and saw that we were entering the harbor at New York. I dressed, packed up, had breakfast, distributed my Italian money as tips, and passed the medical inspection and the immigrations officials. At 9 a.m. the sun came out in true American fashion. The ship was still at anchor and passengers standing and sitting about in groups and wondering what would happen next. Finally the ship got under ~~weigh~~^{way}, passed up ~~th~~ through the narrows, and the greatest spectacle in the world appeared before us, the great harbor, the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, the Brooklyn bridge, the Battery, and New York's unique sky line of phantasmal skyscrapers. The women of my table, my "harem," were greatly excited because they all expected to be met at the dock by their husbands. The ship docked at noon. After waiting impatiently for my trunks to come off the ship and getting them passed by the customs officer I checked the trunks and the larger suitcase through to Washington, caught a taxi and was driven to the Pennsylvania Station. I had just time to exchange my baggage checks, buy a ticket, send a telegram to my wife, and catch the first train out.

The parlor car was overheated and I soon had a headache. Had a nice luncheon in the diner and spent the rest of the afternoon watching the familiar landscape flit by. As before, I was impressed by the number of factories and the unkempt appearance of the factory towns, farms and farm houses. At Baltimore I bought a Washington paper. How familiar and homelike it looked. What a thrilling sensation I had as the train slowed up in Washington and ran into the Union Station. Somehow I felt that I had been away from home for many years, and yet the station platforms and gates looked as familiar as if I had seen them only yesterday. Home, home at last, among my own people, people that spoke my own language, people with the same background, the same interests, and the same psychology.

(1927, March, Washington.

E--2623.

weeks with my family would efface the feeling of strangeness.

Wednesday, March 23, fair and cold. Vegetation seemed to be somewhat advanced. Magnolias, cherry trees, Forsythias, and some other plants were blooming, and robins were in the park. I sat and talked with the family until noon. In the afternoon I went to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. There I found ^{some} mail, and a cable message from the President of the Institute asking me to represent the Institute at a World Wheat Control Congress to be held at Kansas City early in May. I met the employes of the administrative office; also Mr. Kyle of the Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Foley of the London office came in. He said he was on his way to California and would see me on his return. Apparently most of the chiefs of division were away.

I enjoyed the walk to and from the office, every foot of which I had trodden so regularly for many years. I felt as if I could have walked it blindfolded. Every tree in the parks was an old friend, and I could remember when many of the shrubs were planted and how I had watched them grow during the years.

I took the wife and family to a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue for supper. On the way back we stopped at the corner house and spent an hour or more with Mrs. Johnston and her daughter, Miss Abbey, and a niece. When we were alone in the evening my wife spoke of Thelma. Thelma was now sixteen and was losing interest in school and showing interest in boys and men. She said that Thelma had formed a habit of slipping away after supper and calling on young men employes on Connecticut Avenue, the telegrapher in the Western Union office, the soda fountain clerk in a drug store, and others; that one evening she found Thelma talking with a strange man in the vestibule who beat a hasty retreat when she appeared; that she made frequent visits to a garage at the corner near the Mayflower Ho-

(1927, March, Washington.

E--2624m

tel in the next block. Thelma seemed to resent any advice on the subject and to accuse^d her foster mother and her female school teachers of feminine jealousy. While this was a little disquieting it was not wholly unexpected by me because I recognized the signs of an embrio flapper, but hoped it would pass; I knew also that by heredity, instinct, and experience before she came to us, she was strongly inclined to a vocation of "love," and now it was apparent that all her flapper signs were out. My wife said she tried to make Thelma understand that she was too young to think about beaux, but if she did form the acquaintance of any respectable young man to bring him to the house and entertain him, assuring her that if he was the right kind of young man for her to go with he would be glad of the privilege to come to her house and meet her family. But somehow this did not appeal to Thelma.

Thursday, March 24, fair and cold. My 58th birthday, and received a card and a box of candy from the family. The children left for school, rather reluctantly, after a three day holiday on account of my home coming. At the office I went about renewing old acquaintanceships and was struck by the signs of age in many of my old friends. I talked with Dr. W.A. Taylor, chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, about the proposed international wheat congress to be held at Rome. He said that the program seemed to concern the problems of Italy and nearby countries rather than those of world wide importance, that aside from interesting discussions and junkets there seemed to be nothing of special interest to the United States, and therefore he thought it would be sufficient for the United States to be represented only by its permanent delegate at the Institute in Rome. I brought up the subject of the McNary Haugen relief bill that had recently passed both houses of Congress, with which I was not familiar. He said that many Congressmen and Senators were afraid of the

[illegible]

(1927, March, Washington.

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farmer vote and they had voted for it to placate that vote, but the business interests of the country were a unit against it and in all probability the President would veto the bill--which he did a few days later. He mentioned also the diplomatic controversy with Argentina growing out of the discovery of some Mediterranean fruit fly in shipments of grapes from that country.. I met Dr.Kellerman and a number of my former fellow employees in the Bureau of Plant Industry, all of whom were friendly but seemed so much older that it made me wonder if I seemed older to them. Also, they all seemed to have slowed down, to be half asleep, as if they were buried in routine. I called at the Disbursing Office and met Mr.Zappone and some of his principal assistants, and they too impressed me as slaves to routine.and older, much older than when I last saw them. I walked back to the house, unpacked my trunks, and sorted out my clothing. When these things were placed I began to feel really at home.

Friday, March 25, bright, clear and pleasant. At the Department I called on Dr.A.F.Woods, Director of Scientific Work, who said there were three reasons for not sending a technical man to the proposed international wheat congress at Rome, (1) it was contrary to the policy of the United States government to refrain from active participation in any project of the International Institute of Agriculture until the Institute changed its policy to conform to the principles submitted by the American delegation and adopted by the General Assembly, (2) the purposes and objects of the congress were limited to the problems of Italy and nearby countries, and (3) the expense of sending a technician from Washington such a great distance, for such a short time, and for such objects would not be justified by any scientific results that might be obtained. He expressed disappointment at the general course and policy of the Institute. I said that perhaps the course and policy of the Institute as he understood

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it might have been slightly exaggerated, distorted, or colored because of the personal controversy and the personal animosity between the American Delegate and the President of the ^{Institute}~~Institute~~; that obviously the only logical course for the officials at Washington was to support the American Delegate, whoever he might be; and then I said that I believed the officials of the Institute were sincere in their desire to live up to the mandate of the General Assembly, and I related the efforts the President of the Institute had made just before I left to effect a reconcilliation or compromise with Mr. Hobson. "And what was the result?" asked Mr. Woods. "I am sorry to say that Mr. Hobson was obdurate," I replied, and expressed the opinion that he would never compromise or meet half way any man who had so deeply hurt him as ^{had} President De Michelis, and I suggested that this attitude and animus of Mr. Hobson should be borne in mind in considering anything Mr. Hobson might say or report. He looked at me steadily and I added, "Doctor, in saying what I have said I want you to understand that Mr. Hobson and I have been very close to each other at the Institute, meeting and lunching ^{together}~~with him~~ almost daily, and we are very close in many respects; we think much alike; and whether I think him right or wrong I would back him to the limit so long as he represents the United States government at the Institute; I simply want to bring to your attention the fact that the bitter personal animus existing between Mr. Hobson and the President of the Institute may, unconsciously to himself, color his reports to the Departments in Washington, so that you may weigh his statements as those of an honest but bitter enemy of the Institute; and I say this because I believe that the Institute is an international instrumentality of great potential value to all countries, and that the efficient service of that Institute is of far greater importance to this and other countries than personal controversies." Dr. Woods

it might have been slightly overstated, distorted, or colored because of the personal controversy and the personal animosity between the American Delegate and the President of the Institute; that obviously the only logical course for the officials of Washington was to support the American Delegate, whoever he might be; and when I said that I believed the officials of the Institute were sincere in their desire to live up to the mandate of the General Assembly, and I related the efforts the President of the Institute had made before I left to effect a reconciliation or compromise with Mr. Hobson. And what was the result? Asked Mr. Wood: "I am sorry to say that Mr. Hobson was obstinate," I replied, and expressed the opinion that he would never compromise or meet half way any man who had so deeply hurt him as President de Melville, and I suggested that this attitude and attitude of Mr. Hobson should be borne in mind in considering anything Mr. Hobson might say or report. He looked at me steadily and I added, "Doctor, in saying what I have said I want you to understand that Mr. Hobson and I have been very close to each other at the Institute, meeting and lunching with him almost daily, and we are very close in many respects; we think much alike; and whether I think him right or wrong I would back him to the hilt as long as he represents the United States Government at the Institute; I simply want to bring to your attention the fact that the bitter personal animus existing between Mr. Hobson and the President of the Institute may, unconsciously to himself, color his reports to the Department in Washington, so that you may weigh his statements as those of an honest but bitter enemy of the Institute; and I say this because I believe that the Institute is an international instrumentality of great potential value to all countries, and that the efficient service of that Institute is of far greater importance to this and other countries than personal controversies." Mr. Wood

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thanked me for this side light on the situation at the Institute. I added, "Doctor, I realize that what I have said implies a serious charge, a charge against a man whom I have said I regard as a friend, and I feel bad in making it; and that looks bad, ~~but public service~~ but public service with me is paramount, and therefore I ask you not to take what I say without qualification or reservation, but I do ask you to talk with DR. R. A. Pearson, your successor as president of the Maryland University, and with Mr. R. A. Oakley, our mutual friend. Ask them to forget about the nationality of Mr. Hobson and M. De Michelis and tell you what they think of the two men as men, as public servants, and of the facts presented to them, without the interpretation of Mr. Hobson. Ask them if they did not feel strongly disposed to meet President De Michelis half way and cooperate with him in carrying out the program adopted by the General Assembly, and whether they hesitated to follow the lead of Mr. Hobson, which they followed, as all Americans must follow, because he was the official permanent delegate of the United States, ~~right or wrong~~. I know that what I have said is contrary to the official record, but the official record was made by Mr. Hobson. I do not expect to be believed, but I do expect to put you and others on their guard. And I do not ask you to take my word; I refer you to two mutual friends for their impressions, because both were members of the last General Assembly and I saw them visibly squirm. All I ask is that the ~~attitude~~ ^{Institute,} the officials of the Institute, and the course and policy of the Institute, be viewed frankly and with unbiased eyes, and not through the biased reports of its most bitter enemy. Surely that request is honest, fair, and above criticism, even by Mr. Hobson." Again Dr. Woods thanked me and I think I accomplished my purpose of putting him on his guard.

On my way out I stepped into the office of the Secretary and was told that he was ^{at} the White House. As I was leaving I met

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a Mr. Stearn of the United Press Association who said he specialized on Philippine and South American affairs. At his request I outlined briefly the nature of the world agricultural census project, the success I had met with in securing promises of cooperation from the responsible officials of European, North African, and West Asian governments, and my itinerary for the year..

Next I called on Dr.L.O.Howard, who seemed to be as vigorous and mentally alert as he had been for many years. He asked many questions about the Institute and such of his Italian friends and colleagues as I had met. He mentioned an Italian specialist who was a fanatic on the subject of establishing bat roosts for the control of mosquitoes, although the scheme had been demonstrated to be a failure, because in many places badly infested by mosquitoes there are also many bats.

At my own bureau I received some mail. Mrs.Smith, secretary to Mr.Olsen, the chief, suggested that I make my headquarters while in Washington in his office, he being absent on the Pacific coast. Mr.Steuart of the Division of Statistical and Historical Research, came in ^{with} an armfull of my reports which he was trying to summarise for publication in Foreign Crops and Markets. He asked me to edit his summary.

I walked home in time for luncheon with the family. Wife found a colored boy to drive the Ford car and take ^{us} to the Center Market. Then we drove to the Speedway, where I took the wheel, for the first time in nearly two years. However, the car was not in good order and after doing our marketing I had the boy take it to a ^{garage} for adjustment.

After supper Thelma entertained three girl flapper friends of her own age in the front room. When the time came for them to leave my wife was so certain they had no intention of going directly

(1927, March, Washington.

E--2629.

to their homes, as they said they would, that she insisted Otis and I should accompany them to their doors, which we did. I thought I detected an air of resentment in all the young people and have no doubt they thought this supervision of their actions was an invasion of their inherent right to personal independence.

Soon after I reached home, ~~my~~ Mr. Gilbert, of the Office of Information of my bureau, called and talked about China for more than an hour. He had lived for a time in China, met his wife there, and expressed a desire to be sent there in connection with the world agricultural census. I tried to make clear to him that there was no prospect of such employment whatever because the Institute had no funds with which to employ specialists for this purpose and each country would have to take its own census.

Saturday, March 26, cloudy and showers. While wife was packing up I went to the garage and got the car that had been left for repairs. We got away at noon and reached Frederick at 2 p.m. where we stopped for luncheon. We stopped at Winworth to see mother and sister, but cut our visit short because of a bank of clouds that swept over the valley and threatened rain. We reached Sunny Hill just before the rain came. The rain was soon over. Otis and I got in wood and water and made a fire in the Cricket House. Then we walked over the place. Lewis, the hired man, was plowing in the peonies, which were just coming up. The Forsythias and narcissi were blooming nicely. A lot of narcissi were stored in the Whippoorwill basement and some spoiling. The lawns were nice and green. The place looked very attractive, although I saw many things I should like to have had done. Wife had a nice supper, after which I walked down the mountain and had a long visit with mother and sister. Eunice, sister's daughter, had gone to play her violin at an entertainment at the Francis Scott Key Hotel in Frederick. I listened to Sister Nelly's account of what

(1927, March, Sunny Hill.

E--2630.

had happened at Sunny Hill during the year and to mother's speculations regarding the sale of her lower place. I smoked, listened, and ~~consumed~~ sampled three kinds of wine they had made. At 10 p.m. I walked up the mountain. The sky was clear^a and full of stars, the lights of Frederick shown brightly in the valley, and a breeze sighed softly through the trees, so that it was a very enjoyable walk climbing towards the sky with the wooded slopes on either side.

The family had gone to bed when I reached the Cricket House, the little stone cabin where we stayed on our vacation trips to Sunny Hill. In it was a new carpet and a new stove, and over the cistern to one side of the house was a new concrete platform. These changes I noted before retiring.

Sunday, March 27, showers, sleet, and sunshine. I slept late. After luncheon I walked to the top of Observatory Hill (the top of the mountain about a hundred yards behind the Cricket House) from which one had^s a fine view of Frederick Valley, Sugar Loaf Mountain, and across the Potomac River into Virginia; then down through the white pines I had planted years ago and that were making good growth, to the gate near the mail box, where I saw a rabbit; down through the glade to the spring, and back through the woods to the main entrance. Rosie giving trouble because she was in heat and wife did not want her to meet other dogs.

About the middle of the afternoon I took the family down to Winworth. Eunice and her husband were there also. Shortly after 4 p.m. Sister Nellie set out a delicious dinner of roast chicken, dressing, gravy, mashed potatoes, hot biscuit, jellies, cake, coffee and wine. I went out to the barn and found the horses, Barney, Maude, and Grace, looking well. Old Mollie, mother's pony that was originally black, was becoming quite gray from old age. A veterinarian called out to attend Mollie the past summer said she was surely over 36 years old,

(1927, March, ~~Wash~~ Sunny Hill.

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which was a ripe old age for any horse, equivalent to 98 for a human being.

We returned to Sunny Hill and before retiring had a visit from Leslie and Lillian Masser, the young couple that occupied Sunny Hill House as caretakers.

Monday, March 28, cloudy, showers, snow, and sunshine.

Sunny Hill and the Valley looked very beautiful when the sun came out. Rosie disappeared in the forenoon and I took a long walk trying to find her. She returned later and was immediately tied up. In the woods I saw some arbutus, but the stems were very short. I walked over the place with Sister Nellie and pointed out the things I wished to have done. Also I gave her a check for expenses until she received returns from the narcissi shipments. Wife and Thelma packing up, always a serious matter with them.

We left Sunny Hill at 2.30 p.m., stopped for a short visit with mother and sister at Winworth, and reached home about 5.30 p.m. We had supper at a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue. In the evening I made out my personal tax return.

Tuesday, March 29, clear and warmer. I visited the Division of Crop Estimates in the forenoon. It occupied the brick building at the southeast corner of B, St. S.W. opposite the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. I had first known it as the Bureau of Chemistry in the days of Dr. Wiley. Here I met a number of my old friends. The ^{larger} ~~increased~~ appropriations of recent years had enabled the division to increase its personnel and acquire rather complete equipment. The appropriation was then about half a million dollars, which was the amount I had estimated as necessary eight years previously. It sent out about six million questionnaires annually.

I went to the main office for my mail. In response to a telephone call I went to the office of Assistant Secretary Dunlap. He

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asked many questions about the Institute and about the request of the Italian government that a technician be sent to attend the proposed international wheat congress at Rome. He expressed doubt as to the authority of the Department to pay part of my salary while serving with the Institute, but I informed him that the question~~nd~~ had been considered by the solicitor of the Department, as well as by the personnel experts, and they had decided that I was rendering valuable service to the Department directly in the field of agriculture, statistics, and economics, and my salary and expenses had so far been approved by the accounting officers of the Treasury. I suggested that if he had any further doubts to please have the question appealed to the Attorney General, because I did not propose to continue to serve at a personal and financial sacrifice in any position concerning which there was the slightest legal or administrative doubt. He dropped the question like a hot potato.

At 12.30 p.m. I attended the luncheon of the Farm Hands Club at the Harrington Hotel. At the conclusion of the luncheon I was called upon to tell where I had been and what I had seen. At the main office Miss Ellerbrock, my former secretary and then editor of the Bureau News, asked for an interview regarding the progress of the census project. .

I returned to the house and took wifie across the city to visit her sisterinlaw. . We found that her daughter, Mary, and family were just moving in. After returning we walked across the street to inspect the new Y.W.C.A. building that had been erected on the corner of 17th and K Streets diagonally across from our house. It was spacious and modern and had many conveniences, such as a model kitchen, dining room, gymnasium, swimming pool, library, assembly hall, reception and tea rooms. Here I met two young women from the Department of Agriculture. Another young woman came up and reminded me

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that she was on the S.S.Colombo in January 1926. We had supper at a restaurant.

Wednesday, March 30, fair and cold. At the office I arranged for an appointment the following day with the Secretary of Agriculture. I met Dr. Gray; also a young man in charge of the New York grain trade news-service who wanted to know what information regarding the grain trade could be obtained from the various governments. Then I took a taxi to the Census Bureau and saw Mr.Austin, in charge of the agricultural section, and Mr.Steuart, the Director. We discussed certain changes that would have to be made in the age classifications of domestic animals to make the schedule of the United States census comparable with that adopted by the Institute. Mr. Steuart said he was in Rome with Dr. C.C.Clark when the Institute was being organized and that he was well acquainted with Mr.Lubin. With respect to the suggested changes in the schedule he said there had developed a widespread interest in the collection of data regarding the marketing and distribution of farm products and for that reason a marked falling off of interest in production statistics, for which reason he was inclined to be liberal in the matter of trade statistics and to economise wherever possible in the collection of production statistics. He took me into another room to see the exhibit which the Census Bureau had for the Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia the previous year. One of the exhibits was a large blackboard with a series of electric lights arranged in the form of a cross which automatically and periodically flashed figures ^u of births, one every twenty seconds; deaths, one every three and a half minutes; immigrants, one every five minutes; emigrants, at longer intervals; and total net population of the United States. Of course these figures were based on averages and estimates, but probably were approximately correct.

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Director Steuart said that of course his bureau would cooperate to make the next census of 1930 a success. He complained of the efforts of numerous economists and statisticians to overload the census questionnaires with detail. From Mr. Austin I ascertained that the Bureau had supervised the 1920 census not only in Continental United States but in Porto Rico, the Panama Canal Zone, Alaska, Hawaii and American Samoa, and that the Philippine census was taken by the island government under the supervision of the War Department, and that the census of the Virgin Islands was taken by the Navy Department. He expressed the opinion that the census in these outlying countries would be taken in 1930 by the Census Bureau. He ^{said} ~~said~~ the Bureau ^{had} ~~had~~ more than one thousand enumerators in the field and more than six thousand office employees would be required for the next census.

In the evening the children had visitors and made so much noise in the parlor that I could neither write nor read ~~xxix~~ in my den below. I stopped the disturbance by going to the parlor and playing a collection of classical records on the phonograph. Classical music seemed to have a quieting effect upon their boisterous hilarity.

Thursday, March 31, fair and warmer. Saw Dr. L.C. Gray, specialist in land economics. We discussed the census project and the relations of the U.S. government to the International Institute of Agriculture, and then drifted into a discussion of the relative merits of a dictatorship, such as that set up by Mussolini, and our own rather inefficient form of democratic government. I On the ground of efficiency I was inclined to favor a central authority sufficiently strong to enforce its decrees, provided it was intelligent, benevolent, and constructive. Dr. Gray said that our people were forming themselves into organized groups for every conceivable purpose, and each

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group was trying to get representative in the legislative branch of the government, to watch, defend, and to advocate its principles. In this way each set of ideas and each theory of public welfare has a chance to be heard, all of which is a matter of public education; whereas in a political dictatorship the advocates and adherents of ideas that do not correspond with those of the dictator and his small group of advisers are promptly and ruthlessly suppressed.

At 11 a.m. I had an interview with Secretary Jardine, who was polite enough to express interest in the progress of the census project, but was much more interested in my observations on Russia. On separating he said that he envied me my opportunity to see so much of the agriculture of the world.

In the afternoon I called at the War Department annex and had an interview with Major General McIntyre, in charge of insular matters, who informed me that the next census in the islands would be taken under the supervision of the U.S. Census Bureau. He expressed the opinion that I would meet with a cordial reception by the officials of the insular governments.

At the Department of Commerce I had an interview with Dr. Julius Klein, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and with Dr. E. Dana Durand, technical adviser to the Secretary of Commerce.

At ^{4.30}~~4.15~~ p.m. I gave a talk in our bureau conference room to a roomfull of employes. Although it was after their office hours and all were anxious to reach their homes, I succeeded in holding their interest.

At the house wife had prepared an extra fine supper. It was marred by the dog, ^{Rosie,} which broke out into ^{paroxysms of} furious barking and snapping at the appearance of an old colored woman with the laundry. The woman was badly frightened and the dog paid not the slightest attention to either my wife or myself. When I tried to catch and hold

(1927, March, Washington.

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her by the neck she tried to bite me, whereupon I cuffed and kicked her into submission. My wife's feelings were hurt and she said that I was a cruel monster; but the dog was a better dog for the beating. Thereafter she paid attention ~~xx~~ when I spoke to her, and became very affectionate, almost to the point of doggish worship. [#] My wife was instinctively and violently opposed to all forms of correction or punishment on the ground that ~~xx~~ if an animal, a child, or a grown person could not understand the nature of their offence they were not responsible and punishment was both useless and cruel, and if they did understand it was wholly unnecessary because it would be quite sufficient to reason with them. My own instinct was wholly different; I felt ^{that} ~~neither~~ animals nor humans at any age should be allowed to injure or annoy ~~each~~ other ^s or injure or destroy property, willfully or otherwise; that reason and suasion should be used so far as practicable and applicable at first, but if this were ineffective or not practicable, then force should be used promptly and effectively, and sufficiently to make a lasting impression. ~~Shexx~~ This fundamental difference in our point of view was the cause of unhappiness to us both. She felt outraged at correction or coercion in any form as sheer cruelty due to passion, malice, or evil nature. I argued that any cruelty involved in correcting an animal or a child for wrong doing was relatively ~~unimportant~~ slight in comparison with the inevitable consequences that would result from letting them continue without correction. Old as I am my equ^animity is disturbed when I see a darling little angel pick up a kitten by the tail or mar the furniture, especially if it is my furniture, with a hammer, or mark up the wall paper with chalk or paint; and for utter disregard of admonition and repeated, wilful disobedience on the part of children and dogs I am filled with an overpowering desire to administer effective and lasting correction on the spot, realizing, of course, that

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foolish
parents and owners are often more responsible than children and dogs for their misbehavior. So it was that Rosie's paroxysms of barking and ~~biting~~ snapping and disregard of our commands resulted^{ed} in a sound beating from me, which outraged my wife's feelings, and spoiled for us the nice supper she had prepared. I was filled with regret at the effect of the incident on my wife and at her bitter condemnation of me. I could have laughed at anybody else, but not at my wife. My consolation came later when I found that Rosie remembered her lesson and would check herself almost instantly when I spoke to her in a certain tone of voice. I had the satisfaction of knowing that when I was around she could not be a nuisance or a menace to others.

Friday, April 1, steady rain and cool. After breakfast I cut some coupons from Liberty bonds and deposited them in the bank. Executed before a Notary an application for refund of income tax. At the office was interviewed by a young lady reporter from the United States Daily. ^{HP} Then Mr. T.R. Pyrtle came in. He was an employe of our bureau and had recently published a History of the Dairy Industry, which represented long years of industrious collection of material and which was having a good initial sale at \$6.25 the volume. Having compiled this monumental work he naturally felt that he knew about as much of the dairy industry as any other person; hence his dissatisfaction at being kept in a subordinate position under another man, an economist from Texas, who knew very little about sources of information or the practical side of the dairy industry. . . What seemed to hurt him most, however, was the fact that he was expected to supply information for which the other man got the credit.

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He said that he had been engaged in the collection of dairy statistics for thirty-eight years. Also he said he was interested in securing a position as statistician said to be open in Bogota for the Colombian government.

Mr. Callender called up to say that Mr. Shults, our statistician in Texas, had an offer from Mr. Arnold Pearce, Secretary of the International Spinners Association, to go as their cotton statistician to Egypt at 1,100 pounds sterling, but he thought the salary offered was too low and should be at least ^{2,000}~~2,000~~ pounds.

I took luncheon at the Cosmos Club with Mr. William Knowles Cooper, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. He said he had been engaged in this work for thirty-eight years and that he expected to visit Europe and Russia during the summer with a party, for the purpose of meeting public men and to study the economic and political situation of the countries visited. His purpose in meeting me was to get some first hand information about conditions in Russia. He had traveled widely and was an interesting talker.

While at the table Mr. George M. Rommel, former animal husbandman in the department, came over to shake hands. Mr. Charles J. Brand, first chief of the Office of Markets, came over to greet me and to ask if I could arrange to address the Twentieth Century Club, a large women's club in Washington. He said that the following Thursday would be the most convenient. I had to excuse myself because I expected to be away on that date. Then Mr. Montgomery, in charge of food economics in the Department of Commerce, came over to see me. .

At the office Miss Ellerbrock brought in a statement she had prepared on the basis of our former interview and I revised it for her. I telephoned Assistant Secretary Dunlap and asked if anything

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definite had been decided regarding the wheat conference at Rome and he replied that the matter was still in abeyance.

I walked home by way of 14th Street and bought an umbrella for the house and a shaving outfit. After supper wife and I went to a meeting of the Grange in the assembly room of the Unitarian Church. There was a full attendance and initiation of many new members, most of whom were or had been employed in the Department of Agriculture. The Grange ritual is appropriate and to new members interesting, but becomes monotonous and tiresome to those who have seen it many times. After the ceremonies I was called upon to describe some of the places I had seen on my travels. It was late when I started and I made the mistake of talking too long, a whole hour, but I held their ~~inter-~~ *attention* est because I myself was interested, and members were kind enough to say they enjoyed it.

Saturday, April 2, raining. Dictated letters at the office and obtained transportation to Ottawa.

~~(DeMichelis, April 2. *miss*~~

~~(Dragoni, same~~

~~(Longobardi, same.~~

~~(Hobson, same.~~

Vanzetti ✓

(Mother, same.

(1927, April, Washington.

2640.

Sunday, April 3, cloudy and mild. I slept late, as did other members of the family. I was the first one up and went down/stairs to the basement study to smoke and look over the Sunday paper while breakfast was preparing. After breakfast I packed up and played the phonograph until noon. At 2.15 I went with the family to the Union Station. While in the waiting room Dr. A. J. Pieters of the Bureau of Plant Industry came and talked with me for some minutes. From him I learned that Mr. Fairchild was touring the Mediterranean and that Mr. P. H. Dorsett had returned from China with a large collection of plants. Said good by to the family, got a comfortable seat in the parlor car, and spent the rest of the afternoon reading.

P The train left Washington at 3 p.m. and was at Philadelphia at 6 p.m. On the diner I treated myself to a nice juicy steak with ^{hashed} ~~French~~ brown ~~fries~~ potatoes, garnished with sweet pickles, onions, paprika, lettuce, and potato chips; with graham bread, butter, a chunk of honey, and a pot of tea. It cost \$2.50, but was worth it because of quality and service. I returned to my seat with a sense of complete and pleasurable satisfaction.

On the Jersey side of the river we were transferred to luxurious buses in which there were only a few passengers. The bus was transferred across by ferry that landed us at the foot of 23d Street. The electric lights from the numerous ferry boats were very pretty. There *were* so many of these ferry boats that one wondered how they avoided collision. It was interesting to watch with what skill the cumbersome boat was run into its slip, stopped exactly right, and the speed with which it was tied up and the vehicles and passengers moved out. The bus made its first stop at the Pennsylvania Station and then proceeded to the Grand Central Station. A porter helped me with my baggage to the Pullman coach on which I had a reservation. The train was a long one and made up entirely of Pullmans. The passengers were

(1927, April, En route Ottawa E--2641.

required to fill out a simple form for the information and records of the Canadian authorities.

There was a sumptuous smoking car in which I sat for several hours. ~~There were~~ Perhaps two dozen other men ^{were} smoking and talking, and several were drinking whiskey ~~openly~~ ^{open} in violation of the dry law. I retired early so as to awake in time to see the landscape in the early morning.

Monday, April 4, clear and cold. I awoke at 6 a.m. in northern New York, with the coach too hot for comfort. Patches of snow remained in shady places and the pines were covered with a film of frost. The country was flat, with outcroppings of stone. The farm houses were substantial and comfortable looking; the barns large and most of them equipped with one or more siloes. At this early hour no sign of life was visible in the small towns through which we passed. Most of the farm land was in stubble or grass, although some of the fields had been plowed. Some groves of white birch, elm, and oak, were to be seen.

We crossed the St. Lawrence at an early hour over the bridge at Montreal. The river was broad and swift and had great piles of white drift ice along the shores. We had breakfast at Montreal and left at 8.15 a.m. We traveled for several hours through a flat country with many villages of pretty houses of the bungalow type. The streams and ponds were covered with ice. The farms were small and very neat. The country was well wooded with elm, poplar or birch, and spruce. The train entered Ottawa a few minutes before noon, passed through a tunnel, and came out by the Hotel Shadow Laurier and the Parliament House. Although I had telegraphed for a reservation the hotel clerk said every room was taken. Upon his recommendation I went to the Victoria Chambers nearly opposite the Parliament House.. This was an old dingy building with furnished *rooms*

(1927, Apl. Ottawa.

E_2642.

and no meals. . After getting settled I inquired the way to the American Consulate. The consul was not in. His clerk looked up in the telephone directory the names and addresses of the Dominion Statistician and Minister of Agriculture.

I called first at the office of the Dominion Statistician, Mr. R. H. Coates, who received me cordially. The statistical bureau occupied a large and very old wooden structure near the Parlaiment House and overlooking the Ottawa River. Mr. Coates was a man of about forty-five, medium size, smooth florid face, and affable manner. He had an appointment with the Minister and excused himself until the following morning. I inquired about Mr. Daugherty whom I had met at the General Assembly in Rome in 1920. Mr. Coates said that for many years Mr. Daugherty was secretary to the Minister of Agriculture and to give him a permanent job the position of Commissioner to Cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture had been ^{created} ~~appointed~~, but there was so little to do that the position had been discontinued and he had been retired about two years previously.

I walked to the Hotel Laurier and found the office of the U.S. Trade Commissioner and was told that he had left for Washington a few days before. . I talked with the Assistant Commissioner, who had traveled extensively. He informed me that Canada imported more goods from the United States than from any other country, notwithstanding the fact that she gave preferential duties to many other countries.

At 4 P.M. I was on the street again, too late for any more official calls. I got a taxi and asked the driver to take me some place where I could buy a pint of whiskey. He took me just across the river to Hull in the next county. The City of Ottawa in the Province of Ottawa had local option dry law, and within half an mile of the Parlaiment house was Hull in the Province of Quebec with a dispen-

(1927, April, Ottawa)

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sary system. The driver stopped before a plain building that looked like a country postoffice. Inside was a row of windows like those in a bank cashier's compartment. At an outer desk the customer filled ⁱⁿ ~~out~~ a blank form much like a postal money order form and presented it at one of the windows, paid the price, and was given a package which he could not open on the premises. It was all very clean, neat, expeditious, and satisfactory, for the liquor was of good quality and low in price. The place was doing a good business and there was a long line of automobiles outside. I was favorably impressed with the system and thought it the best I had seen. .

P I returned to my room and read a newspaper. After dark I took a long walk looking for a restaurant, but saw only a few cheap unattractive places. Then I went to the grill room of the Hotel Laurier and had a nice supper, but it cost \$2.75, which I thought was about twice what it was worth. My first impressions of Ottawa were decidedly unfavorable.

Tuesday, April 5, rain, heavy snow, and more rain. At 9.45 a.m. I called at the American Consulate, but found no one in the office except a clerk. I ^P ~~sent~~ the rest of the day at the statistical bureau with Mr. Coates and his assistants, discussing its organization and the census program. A legal difficulty arose. Just as the law in the United States prescribes a census every ten years, and it is taken ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ the even years, as 1910, 1920, and 1930, so the Canadian law prescribes that their decennial censuses shall be taken in the odd years, as 1911, 1921, and 1931. This meant that the regular decennial census of Canada would be taken one year later than the world census which was set for 1930, because we could not ask the Canadian government to change its statute law of long standing. However, the difficulty was not as serious as it looked. Mr. Coates had said that in the five great grain growing provinces which were by far the most

(1927, April, Ottawa.

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important agricultural region in Canada, a census was taken every year, so that the annual census of 1930 would be quite comparable with the world census. For the other and less important provinces only estimates were available between census years. I asked Mr. Coates if the agriculture in these other provinces was fairly stable or was it subject to material changes and fluctuations from year to year as to number and size of farms and crop and live stock production, and he assured me that it was very stable. Then I asked Mr. Coates and his assistants if their desire to cooperate in the world census was sufficiently strong to enable them to promise me to use unusual care in the estimates for these other provinces for the years 1930 and 1931, check those estimates with the censuses of 1921 and 1931 and if it appeared that there was any material error in the estimates for 1930 to correct the error on the basis of the 1931 census. They said they would. ^

(Mr. Coates took me to the University Club for luncheon and we heard an interesting ~~lecture~~ lecture on "Art" by a Mr. McIntosh. ^P After leaving the statistical bureau in the late afternoon I returned to my room to relax and write up my notes. ^a The messenger came up to announce a visitor. It proved to be Mr. Dickinson, ^{Vice Consul,} whom I had met in the consular office at Rio de Janeiro ^o in the summer of 1924 when he was about to leave for Para as consul. After a year at Para he had been transferred to Ottawa for which he expressed a liking. He said the Canadians considered themselves on an equality with Great Britain and resented ^{ed} any attempt at interference by the mother country with their affairs. He said that the Consul had been in Canada for nearly thirty years, most of the time in Halifax, ^{and} ~~He said~~ that the Consul was in Halifax at the time of the Spanish-American War and often related how the British and Canadian officers at their ^Cclub meetings would say that, of course, their sympathies were with the

(1927, April, Ottawa.

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Americans and they were confident that America would win in the end, but would have a hard time of it and suffer great losses because many of the Spanish warships were among the best in the world, having been built in British yards and the American ships were no match for them. When the news came that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by the American fleet within a few hours after it emerged from the harbor at Santiago, an old British admiral at the club was furious. He said it was simply incredible, yes Sir, incredible; but if it was true then every Spanish officer should be court martialed for permitting such a thing to happen to ships built in British yards.

Wednesday, April 6, bright and pleasantly warm. After breakfast Mr. Coates showed me over the statistical bureau. It was an old ramshackle wooden building with wooden partitions and a regular firetrap. However, he had a large force of efficient employees and good equipment. At 11 a.m. we inspected the Senate and House of Commons Chambers in the Parliament Building. They were spacious and well furnished. Mr. Coates said that the Senate was relatively much less important than the Commons. We discussed the question of cabinet ministers participating in the debates. I remarked that there were times, especially when the annual budgets were up for consideration, or other matters with which the department was thoroughly familiar, when it would be decidedly advantageous if the minister could be present to answer questions or correct the erroneous statements of legislators who were not so familiar with it. Mr. Coates said that was true, but it also had its disadvantages in that it had a tendency to make the cabinet ministers simply politicians who gave little thought to administering their departments properly.

We called on his chief, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. James Malcolm. He was a tall, athletic, vigorous looking man of the business type, somewhat brisk in manner. Later I learned that

(1927, April, Ottawa.

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before he became a politician he was a successful manufacturer. He was but little interested in the proposed agricultural census, although he said that of course his department would cooperate. When I chanced to remark that I had been in Argentina he displayed lively interest in that country because he said he was personally acquainted with the members of the largest tannery firm in the world that bought large quantities of hides in Argentina.

We called at the Department of Agriculture and was told that the Minister was in the Commons in connection with his budget. We returned to the Parliament House. I sent my card in by a messenger and the Minister, Mr. Mothersill, came out. He was a tall, blunt looking man of middle age. When he entered he wore an expression of annoyance and after shaking hands said gruffly that he was very busy and could give me only two minutes. I said that would be quite sufficient. I explained that I had already discussed the census project with Mr. Coates and we were in full agreement and that the purpose of my interview was to obtain his personal assurance that the statistical bureau and the International Institute of Agriculture could count upon the full cooperation of his department. He promptly promised the fullest of cooperation. I thanked him and there was a slight pause. Then, on the impulse of the moment, I said, "Mr. Mothersill, I grew up under pioneer conditions in the State of Texas and in my lifetime I have seen marvelous changes not only in that State but throughout the United States--incredible changes; I suspect that we are about the same age and I would not be surprised if you had seen similar incredible changes in Canada." Instantly he became interested and his eyes took on a reminiscent look. He said that his father was a pioneer and that when he, the son, grew up he took a course in the agricultural college at Ottawa, then went west into Saskatchewan, two hundred miles beyond the end of the railway that

was building, and worked as a hired man on a ranch for a year. Soon the railway overtook him and he was able to get a small ranch of his own. This gave him a start and as the years went by he acquired more land and prospered. (I was told that he was one of the wealthy men of Canada). I asked why the population of Canada had not increased north of the international boundary in the same proportion as to the south. He said it was partly due to the climate and partly to the overwhelming attraction of the United States; but that emigration to Canada had doubled every year since the United States passed its quota law. I asked if Canada had an exclusion law of any kind, and he said their ~~xxx~~ law was selective and not exclusive, and what they wanted was immigrants in good health, young, with some money, and willing to work. And so while the Minister could give me only two minutes in which to explain my official mission, he was quite willing to talk about himself and Canada for nearly an hour.

I walked to the American Consulate and met Mr. Dickinson. Together we went to the Shadow Laurier Hotel where we were joined by his wife. She was from Sulphur Springs, Texas, a small town south of Paris where I grew up. We had a very enjoyable luncheon together.

At 2.30 p.m. I called on the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Grisdale, a former director of the agricultural experiment stations of Canada. He said that the agriculture of British Columbia was essentially the same as in our State of Washington, both having the same soil and climatic conditions. He mentioned the steady growth of dairying throughout Canada, which meant diversification, especially in the grain provinces. At this point Mr. Grisdale was called away to the Parliament House and he turned me over to the Chief Clerk, Mr. Stephens, who outlined clearly and briefly the organization of the Ministry of Agriculture and its principal projects.

While waiting to see Mr. Grisdale a few minutes I met Mr. Charon. We had met in Rome at the last General Assembly. He was very cordial

(1927, April, Ottawa,

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and told me about his work .

While talking with the Chief Clerk I was handed a telegram from Mrs. Ware, secretary of the committee of 100 to cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture, asking me to return by way of Boston to confer with members of the committee.

After leaving the Ministry I went to the railway station and purchased return transportation by way of Boston, and later crossed to Hull for a bottle of cognac. I had a fairly good supper at a small restaurant with 4 Japanese waiters, and then to my room.

All day I was struck by the resemblance of the Canadians in appearance, speech, and manners, to the people of our middle western States. Such of the Canadian women as I saw seemed to be rather undersized, with sharp features, thin chests, but rather good looking. This was probably because I saw relatively few of them on the streets and shops, ~~because~~ I had met several Canadian women abroad who were rather large.

Thursday April 7, clear and cold--24 degrees at 9.30 a.m. After breakfast had a long interview with Mr. Charon. He had charge of all correspondence between the Ministry of Agriculture and the Institute. He had many questions to ask about the situation at the Institute. Among other things he said that at the last General Assembly many delegations were suspicious of the American delegation which was suspected of wanting to oust the Italian secretary general to create a vacancy for an American through whom the American government hoped to dominate the Institute. I pointed out that this theory was directly contrary to the expressed desires of the American delegation and its government, which was to make the Institute strictly international and prevent domination or undue influence by any country, and that it would probably be difficult to find an American who was qualified to become secretary general who

(1927, April, Ottawa.

E--2649.

could afford to make the financial sacrifice to accept such a position.

From the ministry I went to a telegraph office and sent a cablegram to Rome. After waiting fifteen minutes for a tramcar that did not come I took a taxi to the Museum and National Gallery of Art, which is some distance from the business section. The museum had a fine collection of minerals, Indian accoutrements, arms and utensils, furs and skins. Also there was a good collection of mounted animal specimens and fossils. The art gallery had some good pictures and many bad ones, the most atrocious of which were those showing extreme modern tendencies.

I returned to the business section, had luncheon, and then called at the bureau of statistics to say good by to the officials, and then to the American Consulate for the same purpose, but found no one in. I walked back along the principal business street and stopped to buy a copy of "Captain Dan's Daughter," by Joseph Lincoln. . Glancing up at the clock at the railway station I was astonished to see that it showed 3.15 p.m., and my train was to leave at 3.33 p.m. I caught the first taxi, rushed to the hotel, paid my bill, got my baggage, and was rushed back. I was greatly relieved to find my train standing on the track. I got settled in a compartment and found that my hurry was needless--the train did not leave until thirty minutes later. ~~after the time printed in the schedule~~ The station clock was not running. The hands had simply stopped near the time when the train was to depart and I had been misled.

It was a bright pleasant afternoon and the landscape was familiar. The only feature I had not observed on the way up was a beautiful lake not far from Montreal. We reached Montreal at 6.30 p.m. I took my baggage into the station restaurant and had a very good supper. Although there were many vacant tables the head waiter seated

(1927, April, Ottawa-Boston.

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me at a table with a very attractive young lady. After a time we began to talk to each other politely and tentatively and she mentioned that she was originally from Manchester, N.H., had married a Canadian, ~~and~~ was li^ving near Gran Marie, and was returning to visit her mother in New Hampshire. Her manner was unaffected and pleasing. With the supper I had half a bottle of French wine and a glass of port. I enjoyed the supper, the company, and the music. Then there was a ripple of amusement when I called for the bill. It came and was presented to me, and included the supper of the young lady. Apparently the waiter thought we were together. I laughed and said, "I wonder if I am to have the privilege of paying for your supper; if so, I shall do so gladly." "Certainly not," she replied, "not on ~~such a short acquaintance.~~" ~~"I can only regret that our acquaintance~~

"In that case," I replied, "I can only regret that our acquaintance has been so short." She seemed not displeased when I added that I felt highly complimented by the mistake of the waiter who evidently thought we belonged to each other; "He may have thought^t I was the father of a very charming daughter." She smiled brightly and said, "I have heard Frenchmen talk that way, but not Americans." We left by the same train but ⁱn different coaches.

Friday, April 8, clear and cold with high wind. I did not sleep well because of the cold. I looked out at 4.30 a.m. and saw the dawn over some hills behind bare trees. We reached Boston at 7 a.m. I was taken in a taxi about a mile to the Statler Hotel. This was a new hotel and had many comforts and conveniences not usually found in other hotels. I was shown to a nice little room and read the morning papers that were tucked under the door. After a ^{good} ~~nice~~ breakfast in the cheerful restaurant I sat in the lounge on the mezzanine floor ^{and} ~~and~~ smoked and rested.

(1927, April, Boston.

E--2651.

Shortly before 10 a.m. I walked across to the State House. The wind was blowing very strong and cold. The State House was well heated inside and I soon thawed out. In the rotunda were statues and paintings and in the alcovess were the flags and colors carried by the troops of Massachusetts in the Civil War.

At 10 a.m., the appointed time, I went into the office of Mrs. Burrell Ware, secretary of the American Committee to Cooperate with the International Institute of Agriculture. She was a delegate to the Assembly in 1922. She took me into the private office of State Commissioner of Agriculture, Dr. A. W. Gilbert. Within a few minutes there assembled besides Mrs. Ware and myself, Dr. T. N. Carver, economist of Harvard; Dr. Cance, economist of the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture; Mr. Bernard J. Rothwell, Mr. George W. Eddy, and two or three others. We gathered about a long table and Dr. Gilbert acted as chairman. He asked me to tell something about the census project, which I did. Mr. Rothwell seemed to be extremely interested in discussing the merits and disadvantages of speculation, especially selling long or short, and wanted my opinion. I suggested that Dr. Carver could answer those questions far better than I or most other people; that about all I cared to say was that speculation required both buyers and sellers and to a certain extent provided them, which was a good thing because it ^{insured} ~~provided~~ a ready market, but when speculators in their desire to influence prices to their advantage issued erroneous statements regarding supply and demand, either present or prospective, it was a public evil; that perhaps one of the best ways to avoid this evil or abate it was for governments to see to it that accurate statistics of supply, demand, and prices were supplied and given wide publicity periodically, and that was one of the principal objects in establishing the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, and that the world wide census

(1927, April, Boston.

E--2652.

of agriculture under the auspices of the Institute would contribute greatly to the accuracy of agricultural statistics and would at least tend to restrict unwise and harmful speculation. Dr. Carver nodded approval and gave a brief but very lucid exposition of speculation as a factor in the exchange of commodities. Members of the committee asked many questions about the Institute which I tried to answer.

At 11 a.m. the committee broke up. Then Dr. Gilbert, Mrs. Ware and I talked about the situation of the Institute, the probability of a change in its administration, and the rumor that Mr. Hobson, the American Delegate, was about to resign. When I told them of what had occurred the day before I left Rome they seemed to be much encouraged. They said there was very little that the American Committee could do and they were simply trying to hold it together on the possibility that it might be useful later. Dr. Gilbert said the Committee had helped get the funds for the census project, as well as the appropriation for the American Delegation to the General Assembly of 1922. Mrs. Ware was very affable and asked many questions. Finally I thanked them both for the^{ir} interest in and cooperation with the Institute and bid them good bye.

On the way to the hotel I stopped to buy transportation to Washington on the night train. I had a nice luncheon at the hotel and listened to some good music. Then I walked to the Metropolitan Museum and looked over the very fine Egyptian, ^{Chinese} ~~Japanese~~, and Japanese collections, and the collections of statues and paintings. Returned to the hotel and had a nap in an easy chair. At 5 p.m. I went down to the book store in one corner of the hotel and purchased Locke's "Far and Near" to read in the evening. In the lunch room I got some toast and tea. I decided in my own mind that this was the best hotel I had yet encountered. It would be difficult to imagine any com-

(1927, April, Boston.

E--2653.

fort or convenience that was not provided, ~~for~~. It was like a small city within walls. There were fourteen floors and more than a thousand rooms, each with bath, toilet, radio outfit, telephone, heat, lights, sewing outfit, telephone directory, a closet for hanging clothes, a place in the door for placing laundry or clothes for pressing and for their return without disturbing the occupant; morning, afternoon, and evening newspapers; hot water, cold water, and ice water on tap, and most comfortable furniture. It had a banquet hall, public and private dining rooms, restaurant, lunch room, with the finest food and best of service. On the ground floor, in addition to the offices, was an information booth, telegraph, telephone, and railway offices, book store, drug store, cigar store, newsstand, florist shop, candy shop, theater ticket office, and about everything else one could think of.

At 6.45 p.m. I settled my account, took a taxi for the South Station, and was soon settled in my compartment, where I spent the evening reading.

Saturday, April 9, Boston to Washington. raining. I could not sleep because of the cold, the berth was lumpy, and the coach was noisy. I awoke just before reaching Baltimore. Reached Washington at 7.25 a.m. I found the family up and expecting me. In the paper of the previous day I read the notice of the death of Dr. Erwin F. Smith and of the funeral at the Unitarian Church. The church was so far out that I decided not to go. Instead I sat talking with the family most of the forenoon. Just as we were finishing luncheon Emma Burton, wife's niece, came in from Richmond. Because of relationship, long acquaintance, and affection, I greeted her with a kiss, which she returned. Then I drove down to the bureau and got some mail, including a letter confirming ~~his~~ ^{the} cablegram asking me to attend as observer the International Wheat Control Congress at Kansas City

(1927, April, Washington.

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on May 5. I spent an hour or two in the office reading correspondence and drafting replies. We had a nice supper at home of ham and eggs and strawberry shortcake. The children went to a picture show in the afternoon and had company in the evening. I spent the evening reading.

Sunday, April 10, clear and cool. Spent the forenoon reading the colossal Sunday papers and talking with Emma Burton and her cousin, Mortimer Burton, who came for her. In the afternoon wife and I visited the Corcoran Art Gallery. It has a pleasing collection of both statuary and paintings that compare favorably with the collections in the art galleries of Europe. There were a number of paintings that were new to me and many more that seemed like old friends because I had known and admired them for so many years. We left Otis and Thelma, and their friend Walker Chapman, playing in the dining room. When we returned they had disappeared, Thelma to visit a girl friend, and the two boys to take a walk. Wife and I took a short nap before supper.

Monday, April 11, clear and pleasant. On the way to the office I left my portable typewriter to be overhauled and arranged to have my wardrobe trunk repaired. At the office had visits from Mr. Callendar of Crop Estimates, and Mr. Church of the Michigan office. Then dictated some letters and a report on my Canadian visit. After luncheon I went to the motion picture laboratory of the department and saw a picture of a new cane harvesting machine. Mr. Ralph S. Faulkner of Melbourne was present to explain the operation of the machine. It was a powerful tractor with a set of rotating knives pushed ahead to cut the cane a few inches below the surface. The stalks were caught by fingers, carried on a belt to a platform where the tops were removed, then run between rollers and the leaves removed, and dropped in piles to one side. It took a forty horse power motor to

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run the tractor and its machinery and the machine was designed to cut about forty tons, or two acres, of cane per hour, equivalent to the work of about sixty men. In addition to saving manual labor and expense the inventor claimed two other advantages, one a larger yield of sugar because the stalks^K were cut six to twelve inches lower down than by hand where the sugar content is greatest, and that the succeeding crop would be better for the uniform cut below the surface of the soil. Many of my old friends and associates were present, including Dr. W. A. Taylor, Chief of Plant Industry; Dr. W. A. Orton, Manager of the Tropical Research Foundation; Dr. Carleton R. Ball, chief of cereal investigations; Mr. P. H. Dorsett, plant explorer; Mr. William Shoemaker, plant specialist, and a number of specialists from other bureaus. It seemed quite like old times to meet them all together.

~~Deagoni, April 11, yellow folder. omit~~

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Tuesday, April 12, clear and pleasantly warm. At the office dictating letters and reviewing correspondence. At 11 a.m. I called on Dr. Orton and while with him was introduced to Dr. Gussow, Dominion Botanist of Canada. Had a discussion with them regarding plant quarantines and of the European committee that had drawn up a convention of twenty-two points, many of which did not seem applicable to exporting countries because of large areas, varied soils, climate and production. Dr. Orton asked me to return in the afternoon. I then walked across the park to the Office of Foreign Plant Introduction. From Mr. Dorsett I learned that Dr. Fairchild, former chief of the office, was on the west coast of Africa, that Dr. Galloway, former chief of Plant Industry, was in Honduras, and that Mr. Peter Bisset had been transferred to the Federal Horticultural Board and was stationed in the quarantine house. Mr. Dorsett was very enthusiastic about his recent trip to China, the friendly cooperation he had received from the Chinese authorities, and the wonderfully intensified agriculture and horticulture practiced by the Chinese farmers and gardeners. He said he had brought back with him more than 5,000 Chinese plants, seeds and cuttings for trial in the United States, several thousand photographs, some motion picture rolls, and complete notes of what he had seen. He said he had the finest cooperation from the Chinese officials. One of the postal officials sent out 2,000 bags to as many branch postoffices and received back more than 1,500 with samples of wheat, barley, rice, and soy beans, the four staple crops of north China. At one experiment station he found more than 200 varieties of soy beans that had been carefully selected from a much larger number of varieties as the most promising and valuable, and the director had specimen plants, stems, leaves, blossoms, and seed, of each plant prepared and preserved for Mr. Dorsett.

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At one place he found the Chinese horticulturists ridging the earth, placing planks across them, and on top of these platforms placing persimmons as big as tomatoes in layers and covering them with matting, and with this slight protection carrying them through in good condition until the next spring. He also told of seeing Chinese catch fish with their bare hands. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm, which was a good thing to see. He was a man of middle age and spoke regretfully of the fact that the department would not send out a younger man to follow up his work. He took his son along with him at his own expense and the young man learned to take, develop, and print photographs, and had done so well that upon his return he obtained employment with the National Geographic Society.

After luncheon I returned to the office of ^DMr. Orton and he gave me some printed and typewritten literature regarding the organization and work of the Tropical Research Foundation. He expressed a desire for my advice regarding the establishment of and organization of research laboratories in Central and South America and the best means of financing and administering them. We also discussed ways and means by which the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome might promote technical research in tropical countries. I stressed the point that the Institute has^d the right under treaties with the adhering governments to suggest projects, organization and methods, thereby taking the initiative and giving direction and encouragement to the various countries, which^{affords} ~~gives it~~ unusual opportunities for mapping out comprehensive and constructive programs and bringing about uniformity of methods and comparability of results.

Also, the international character of the Institute should enable it to accomplish many things requiring international cooperation that no single country or unofficial organization could hope to accomplish. Dr. Orton referred to the meeting of botanists and other technicians

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at Ithica in 1926 where a section held separate meetings to discuss tropical agricultural problems. He said that before the meetings broke up an informal committee was designated with Dr. F. C. Went of Holland as chairman, to serve as a nucleus for communication and future work and to keep interest alive in the subject. At my request Dr. Orton agreed to put the Institute on his mailing list for all publications of the Tropical Research Foundation. He also gave me a set of bulletins so far issued by the ~~Intx~~ Foundation which I forwarded to the library of the Institute.

After reaching home my wife suggested that we visit Miss Belle Saunders. Her father laid out the grounds of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, was superintendent of its grounds and greenhouses for many years until his death, was one of the founders of the National Grange, and laid out the grounds about the U.S. Capitol and at the Gettysburg National Cemetery. Miss Belle was one of my most faithful employes in the old Office of Records in the Bureau of Plant Industry and was still in that office. Although she was loved by all who knew her she had never married, it was said because of her devotion and sacrifice to a very crabbed old Scotch mother. We found her in a house built by her father more than fifty years previously, with large rooms, old furniture, lawn and flower garden, and trees that he had planted. We had a very pleasant visit with her.

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Wednesday, April 13, showers and warmer. At the office I read a ~~number of papers~~ ^{brief} prepared by an interdepartmental committee on a questionnaire from the Economic Council that was to meet at Geneva in May. Dr. ^{Stine} Stein came in to discuss the agenda of this meeting. He said that the Department of Agriculture would not be represented, but the Department of Commerce would have five representatives. After he left, Mr. E. V. Wilcox came in to talk about Egypt and railway facilities in East Africa. He said the Curtis Publishing Company had asked him to go to Australia, South Africa, and Egypt, and he expected to start in about a month. I learned from him that he was director of the agricultural experiment station at Honolulu before Mr. Westgate took charge. As soon as he left I began revising the abstract Mr. Steuart was making of my reports to the Institute, copies of which were always sent to the bureau for its files. In the evening we had popcorn and apples.

Thursday, April 14, clear and pleasant. Dictated some letters and worked on itinerary for early May as far ^{as} the City of Mexico. Had a short interview with Mr. Kitchen, ~~his~~ business manager, who said a communication had been received from the State Department to the effect that President DeMichelis of the Institute had resigned. (This proved to be erroneous). I walked up town to a ten cent store and made some purchases. At the house I arranged my looseleaf

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shorthand diary, placing the sheets chronologically in envelopes by months, on the outside of which I wrote the year, month, and places visited. At 4 p.m. I took the family to a motion picture show. It was a good picture, but all seats were taken and we had to stand up. After the show we went to Wallace's on 12th Street for supper. There we met Mr. and Mrs. Gage. At the house Mr. Jenkins, our roomer who was something of a society man, stopped to talk. He suggested the desirability of having Thelma take dancing lessons to correct certain faults of posture, teach her grace of movement, give her self confidence, and fit her for the society of other young people of her age. I agreed with him heartily, but wife objected strenuously on the ground that she would have so much trouble keeping track of Thelma, that it would keep her up late nights, fill her head with foolish ideas, interfere with her school work, and expose her to undesirable people.

(~~Dragon, April 14, yellow folder.~~ *omit*)

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Friday, April 15, pleasant. In preparation for a trip to Sunny Hill wife and I got up early and drove to the Center Market. We bought a seven-^upond shad at 55 cents a pound, and other things. On the way back wife stopped at several flower shops intending to buy some flowers for old Mrs. Jenkins, but gave up when she found how high they were priced. We got away at 11 a.m. and had a pleasant drive to Frederick. Wheat was about six inches high, pear and cherry trees beginning to bloom. We had intended to get luncheon in Frederick, but found most places closed because it was Good Friday and a State holiday, so we drove on out to Winworth where mother made us a cup of coffee. Sister Nellie came while we were there. She had spent the forenoon at SunnyHill with some girls picking narcissi. We went up at 3 p.m. and were soon at home in the Cricket House. I had Otis bring in some wood and water, after which he spent the rest of the afternoon following the hired man up and down the ^{rows}~~ropes~~ as he cultivated the peony patch. I did some cleaning up about the place. At 6 o'clock we drove down to Winworth for supper with mother and sister. Sister Nellie had baked the shad we brought out, and in addition we had mashed potatoes, hot biscuits, and plum jam. We stayed until 8.30 p.m., a late hour in the country

Saturday, April 16, clear and warm. After breakfast, accompanied by Rosie, the dog, I spent a delightful hour picking narcissus blossoms. Sat awhile in the sunshine, smoking and enjoying the marvelous view over the valley between Catoctin and Sugar Loaf Mountains. Sister Nellie and several young women came up to pick narcissus for shipment. The hired man and Otis took a load to the express office for Washington. I took wife and Thelma to town to do some shopping. Wife bought a pair of knickers for Thelma and overalls for Otis. We had luncheon at a restaurant. We stopped at Winworth to see mother, and brought Niece Eunice up to Sunny Hill with us.

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The women were still picking narcissus and the hired man had made a second trip to the express office. I was much provoked to see that a truck load of junk had been dumped by the roadside at Lower Sunny Hill, a pile of metal rubbish to offend the sight of all who passed for years to come unless I sent the men and team down to haul it to some place out of sight. After supper we drove to Winworth and sat with mother and sister for an hour or more. Thelma looked very pretty in her knickers. At the Cricket House we gathered about the reading table and looked through our small collection of books. It was raining softly on the shingle roof when we retired.

Sunday, April 17, bright, clear and warm. Everything covered with glistening dewdrops in the morning sunshine. The dog woke me at 5 a.m. I sat in my pyjamas on the cistern platform for awhile smoking and watching the sun rise over the eastern hills. The whole valley was blue and the sky turned pink. The hollows between the hills across the Monocacy were full of white mist and looked like lakes. Little bird families woke up and each began its characteristic calls, chatter, piping, and twittering in the shrubbery and woods. Soon the great disk of the sun rose above the horizon and flooded the valley with light.

Sister Nellie and her group of girls picked narcissi until noon--because flowers know no Sundays after they begin to blossom. Milton Cline, a farmer-mason who lived near by, came up to see about work. After he left I went down in the glade and cut some twigs of pussy willows and stuck them about in wet places, hoping they would take root and grow, as many of them did. Then I walked on down to the entrance to the lower farm, enjoying the swelling buds and other signs of spring, but my pleasure was spoiled by the sight of the pile of junk. In fact I noted three separate deposits, two on my property

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and the rusty wreck of an automobile on adjoining unfenced property of a neighbor. I was indignant, but realized I could do nothing to prevent it other than posting "No Trespass" signs, which I had already done. This was simply a disadvantage of owning woodland property near a town.

Shortly after noon three young men came out, one of them saying he was from the Frederick Post and wanted an interview. He asked many questions regarding the countries and cities I had visited. After they left I took the family down to Winworth and visited with mother and sister. Sister ^{had} prepared a nice chicken dinner with hot biscuits--a dinner such as money could not buy in all Europe. Niece Eunice and her husband, Charlie, gave us some good music on violin and piano. Then Charlie took us in his new car for a ride through Braddock Heights to Middletown in the next valley and almost to Harpers Ferry, all the time in sight of South Mountain and the Catoctin range. We stopped in Frederick and brought out a gallon of ice cream. It was a very enjoyable afternoon. We returned to Sunny Hill before sundown. Wife and I walked down to the gap in the stone fence next to the woods and watched the evening shadows steal across the valley. As twilight came we could hear many birds calling to each other and twittering softly before going to sleep. Then the lights of Frederick came out below us like the lights encircling a harbor, and the moving lights of automobiles could be seen creeping along the highways to Washington, Baltimore, and Braddock Heights. It had been a lovely day and one that I often remembered in my later travels.

Monday, April 18, clear and warm. Because Otis complained of the toothache during the night our sleep was disturbed and we had a late breakfast. Sister Nellie and her girls were picking narcissi as usual. The hired man came before I was dressed to ask how many

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raspberry bushes to plant in the apple orchard. I amused myself cleaning out a rocky terrace between the stone cabins. Then took wife and Thelma to town for some shopping. On the way back we brought mother up to Sunny Hill with us. Wife prepared a nice dinner of pork steaks and fried sweet potatoes. After dinner I went up into the little attic of the Cricket House and took a nap. It was a cosy little attic with a soundproof floor, a shingle roof, and a little window at one end, and I soon fell asleep listening to the tree twigs rustling in the breeze. Several visitors were out in the afternoon to see the ~~display~~ of narcissi. In the late afternoon we all sat on the cistern platform and enjoyed the landscape. The place looked very attractive with its green lawns, pear and cherry trees in blossom, and many clumps of narcissus blossoms scattered about. ~~A~~ cat bird, a Kentucky cardinal, and several robins and sparrows were hopping and flitting about.

Tuesday, April 10, sunshine and showers. Sister Nellie and her crew of girls cut narcissi for shipment, and the hired man took two loads in to the express office. Otis and I cleaned up the family dump back of the woodpile so that it looked much better. Then we trimmed off some branches that hung too low over the driveway. ^{Next} ~~Then~~ we took out some dead peach trees in the orchard and dragged the brush and limbs into a washout. ~~Then~~ I did some repair work on the grape arbor and outbuildings. I had a telephone call from a man in Frederick who said he represented several potash concerns, and did I want to invest, and if not could I tell him anything about the potash industry in Germany.

Wednesday, April 20; rain during the night, heavy dew in the morning, fog in the valley, then bright sunshine, and very hot. Narcissus cutting and shipping going forward steadily. I took mother

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to town for some shopping and we left an armful of narcissus blossoms at the local hospital. On the way back we brought Niece Eunice with us to have luncheon at Sunny Hill. Again I had a nice nap in the afternoon. After supper we watched a thunder storm pass down the Monocacy. There was much lightning and thunder. Vegetation had begun to grow rapidly. The cherry and pear trees were a mass of white blossoms.

Thursday, April 21. Rain during the night was followed by a wondrously beautiful day of bright sunshine, a gentle breeze, bursting buds, trees and shrubs in flower, the field of narcissi a sheet of rippling gold, and the valley a dream of misty loveliness.

After breakfast I walked across the narcissus field, the hillside meadow beyond, and through the woods to the southern boundary of the place. The cutting of narcissus was going on as usual without seeming to make much impression on the field.

At 10 a.m. I took Sister Nellie with me to see President Baker of the Citizen's National Bank, on whose property the old automobile junk had been dropped near the entrance to Lower Sunny Hill. I explained that the junk in that particular place was offensive to all who saw it and was therefore a nuisance, but because it was on his land I did not feel at liberty to have it removed, and that really I thought that he as a public spirited citizen might have it removed. His manager promised to send a man out to look at the dump. My sister did some shopping and I left her at Winworth. After luncheon I killed a large copperhead snake near the house. Hearing the sound of chopping as if on the lower place I walked down to see about it and found that it was near but not on my land. Shipments of narcissi went to Washington, Baltimore, and New York. I picked a bouquet of lovely violets on a hillside meadow. It was a stiff hot climb from the lower to the upper place. Shortly after 5 p.m. a squall came up

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suddenly over the mountain with a downpour of rain and much lightning and thunder.

During my absence abroad one of Otis's boy friends began taking violin lessons. Otis wanted to take them too and begged so persistently that my wife bought a violin for him and began paying for lessons. After ^{a few} ~~the first three or four~~ lessons he greatly regretted ~~gretted~~ his early enthusiasm and would practice only under compulsion. Wife had brought the violin out with us and tried to get him to practice thirty minutes daily, but the boy looked upon the violin practice as severe punishment. He was never known to pick ^u ~~up~~ ~~the violin~~ voluntarily. In fact, he proved to be so obstinate in refusing to practice that he was soon allowed to quit because it was useless to hold him to it.

Friday, April 22, raining all night and until 3 p.m. There was a layer of sleet on the ground in the morning and it was cold enough to make a fire necessary. The mountain was saturated with water and springs appeared in many places. The basements of the stone cabins filled with water. Sister Nellie and her girl crew came up in the morning to get off a shipment of narcissus that had been cut the previous day. I took a long walk in the woods and enjoyed it--so many wonderful things to see. After supper I drove down to Winworth and spent the evening with mother and sister. Eunice tuned up Otis's violin and played a number of operatic pieces for us.

Saturday, April 23, clear and cold with a half inch of ice in the morning. I spent the forenoon pruning trees and disposing of the brush. After luncheon mother and sister came up to pick some narcissi for the Episcopal Church in Frederick. I drove to town, leaving the children at a neighbors, mother and sister at Winworth, and wife at the Miss place in Shookstoen, the straggling village between Sunny Hill and Frederick. In town I delivered the flowers to

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the minister of the church and did some shopping. On the way back to Sunny Hill I picked up the family.

Sunday, April 24, cold with heavy frost in the morning. Wife and I took a long walk in the morning down to the lower place and back through the woods by the spring.. Mr. Baker's farm manager rode up on a horse to say that he had been instructed to remove the wrecked automobile from the roadside near the lower place. We spent the afternoon with mother and sister at Winworth and had a delicious chicken dinner. Eunice and Charlie entertained us with violin and piano music. We returned at 6 p.m. ^{wife} ~~Wife~~ and I walked to the top of Observatory Hill behind the Cricket House to watch the sun set and the lights come out in Frederick. Then we sat awhile with ~~Mr. and Mrs. Masser,~~ ^{the} caretakers.

Monday, April 25, clear and pleasant, with ~~f~~rost in the morning. We were up at 8 a.m. and wife cooked a lot of pancakes for breakfast. While wife and Thelma set the house in order and packed up for the return trip I went down to the narcissus patch and picked an armful of blossoms to take with us. We got away at noon and stopped to have luncheon at Winworth with mother and sister. There we discovered that Otis had conveniently forgotten his violin and I had to drive back to Sunny Hill after it. We had a pleasant drive to Washington by way of Ridgeville. Several new houses had been built near Ridgeville and Damascus. Also I noticed several new peony gardens, which meant competition in future.

It was with a feeling of sadness that we bid good by to the little Cricket House and Sunny Hill where we had spent the week, and so many happy weeks on former occasions. We were quite sentimental over it; wife shed tears, and I felt like doing likewise, because the little stone cabin and sunny flower farm on the mountain represented being together with peace and happiness; and now ~~we were~~

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we were leaving it all, and in another week I would be leaving for a year or more, so that it would be many months before we could hope to be together again at Sunny Hill.

At the town house I found an accumulation of newspapers and letters. We had supper at a restaurant on Connecticut Avenue. After supper I asked Otis why he was no longer attending meetings of the Boy Scouts of which he was a member. He said he failed to pass the grade of Tenderfoot because he did not learn the system of signaling and did not take part in the fourteen mile walk with the other boys. and early last summer he had a letter from the scout master notifying him that he was dropped from the troop. He said he did not like the company because some of the boys ^{were} overbearing. I was much disappointed because Otis was already overgrown, large for his age, and badly need^{ed} the companionship of other boys of his own age, under the supervision and direction of a man. Except for Walker Chapman, all his associations were with women, his foster mother who was inclined to make a pet of him, his sister who was almost as bad, and young women school teachers, the result being that he shunned both boys and men.

Tuesday, April 26, clear and warm. At the office I dictated a number of letters. Had luncheon with the Farm Hands Club at which there was a small attendance because of a dairy conference in another part of the city. Had a number of visitors at the office and received a package of passport photographs. The personnel officer agreed to look after the issuance of my letter of authorization and passport ~~of~~ visas. Mrs. Bode took supper with us, stayed late, and talked most of the time about her separation from her ^{little} tailor husband in Germany and his hardness of heart in keeping their three daughters and not permitting them to write to her. Also she spoke of the utterly absurd and quite idiotic requirement that after ~~her~~ ^{she}

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separated from her husband ^{in Germany} and returned to the United States where she was born of American parents, had lived for about forty years, gone to school and started a family of children in school, after an absence abroad of less than a year, should have to take a course in American citizenship and history before she could again be recognized as an American citizen. It would be quite as sensible to prescribe that all American citizens who left the shores of the United States for any length of time, even for a few weeks or days, to undergo examination, take a course of study, pay fees, and be subjected to all sorts of humiliating cross examinations before resuming their American citizenship. Surely there must have been some colossal fools in the State Department to propose and advocate, and in Congress to pass, laws which prescribed that an American woman, a mature woman with a family of American born children, should forfeit her American citizenship because her husband failed to take out naturalization papers. But so it was at that time.

Wednesday, April 27, showers during the day. At the office I dictated some letters and then addressed a meeting of county agent leaders and specialists from different bureaus. After telling them briefly about the census project and its objects I began to describe some of the curious agricultural practices I had observed in the different countries visited. I talked steadily from 11 a.m. to 12 noon, and then suggested that it was official luncheon time. There was a universal request that I proceed, which I did for thirty minutes. After luncheon Mr. Shepard of the Crop Estimating Division called to see me about a position as statistician in Colombia. Mr. Chambliss, rice specialist of Plant Industry, called to talk about rice production in foreign countries. On the way home I stopped for the photographs I had taken in Canada. At the house I found that mother had come in from the farm to spend a few days with us. Began read-

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ing Buck's "Farmers of Forty Centuries.

(Mrs. Kernan, April 27, yellow folder.

(Sister Nellie, same.

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Thursday, April 28, Washington, clear, cool, and pleasant.

The parks and streets of Washington were very attractive with trees and shrubs in ~~flower~~ full leaf and many flowers in bloom. I had an interview with Mr. Tenny and discussed the situation at the Institute. He was interested in the status of Mr. Hobson. I recommended that Mr. Hobson be retained as permanent delegate until after the next General Assembly in 1928. He said he had a letter from Mr. Hobson saying that President De Michelis had not resigned; also that Mr. Hobson wrote that his participation in the coming wheat conference in Rome would interfere with the conducted tour of the United States by a group of students and specialists that he had organized, which could not be postponed because all arrangements had been made, including steamer reservations that could not be cancelled. I expressed the opinion that Mr. Hobson's absence from the wheat conference would not be serious inasmuch as the proceedings would be published and he could accomplish more by going ahead with his conducted tour. Miss Stanley, in charge of home economics, came to consult me with regard to a request from the Polish attache for data relating to home economics courses in the United States for the use of a lady in Warsaw who was to present a paper at an agricultural conference to be held in Rome. She had prepared a rather long paper on the subject which I advised her to have typewritten for the Polish attache who would look after its translation. She said a young lady employe of her office expected to be in Europe at the time of the conference and she wondered if it would be possible to have her appointed as an official delegate to represent home economics from the United States. I expressed the opinion that it would be entirely feasible, provided the young lady ^{was} qualified to represent the department creditably and her office ^{could} pay the expense.

With Mr. Hughes I called at the State Department and had my

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passport (an old bulky, cumbersome form with more than thirty large sheets covered with visas) cancelled and filed application for a new one. Then I had a long interview with Assistant Secretary Carr, in charge of the Consular Service. He seemed pleased when I expressed my appreciation of the cooperation I was receiving at all the consular offices abroad. Then we discussed the situation at the International Institute of Agriculture with which he seemed quite familiar. He said the Italian minister in Washington had recently made the definite statement that President De Michelis had resigned.; also that the emmigration service of which M. De Michelis was formerly the head had been transferred to the Foreign Office, and that Mussolini had ordered a complete reversal of former policies so that in future the United States would be permitted to station its own medical officers in Italy ^{to make} ~~so that~~ medical and other examinations of prospective immigrants ~~could be made~~ before leaving Italy.

From the State Department I walked across to the Cosmos Club to a luncheon in my honor given by Mr. Tenny, Chief of Economics, at which Mr. Carr was present, ^{as well as} ~~also,~~ Mr. Austin of the Census Bureau, Dr. W.A. Taylor of Plant Industry, Dr. L.C. Gray of land economics, Dr. Galpin, of social economics, Dr. Michael of the foreign service, Dr. ^{Stine} ~~Stein~~ in charge of statistical and historical research, Mr. Clyde C. Marquis of the information division, Mr. Callander of Crop Estimates, Mr. Kitchen, business manager, Dr. Daniel G. Nourse, of the Brookings Institute, ^{ai} ~~and~~ Mr. Tenny ^{aid} the Secretary of Agriculture had agreed to be present but was called to the White House just before the time set and might not be able to keep his appointment. After the luncheon I was called upon to speak. I explained briefly what the International Institute of Agriculture was, what the world agricultural census project was, and described some of the outstanding things in agriculture that I had seen on my travels. Mr. Tenny remarked that

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my letters were exceedingly interesting and he expressed the hope that I would write an account of my travels, and Mr. ^aMequis asked if anyone could read my shorthand notes because they would make good material for publication. It was a very pleasant affair for me.

After reaching the office I called upon Mr. Chris L. Christian-son to see if he had any information concerning the coming wheat conference at Kansas City. He said it was a meeting of leaders of the wheat pool movement, particularly from the midwestern States and Canada, and that the Bureau of Agricultural Economics would be represented by Mr. Booth of his division. He took me into the office of Mr. Booth, ^{who} ~~He~~ expressed the opinion that I would not gain much by attendance at the meeting.

On the way home I stopped to buy a cheap suit of clothes for summer wear. At 6 o'clock I drove with the ^{wife} ~~family~~ out to Falls Church and had supper with the Gages. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Gage there was her brother, Mr. Riley, and her niece^c, Miss Betty Styles. They had a lovely home with beautiful grounds, and the supper was especially good. After supper we sat about a cheerful open fire and talked. Mr. Riley was especially interested in the growing and handling of ^{pe} ~~ponies~~. All were interested in my travel accounts. Mother remained at the house with the children. When we reached home I found that Mr. Jenkins had left a pint of brandy for me.

Friday, April 29, showers and rain. I called at the Pan American Union and talked with Mr. Reid, commercial adviser, who said that before the war he had toured the world, visiting forty countries, and was writing a book about it. He asked me to prepare a chapter on the world agricultural census. He gave me some literature on the West Indies and Mexico, and we discussed the desire of the Colombian government to employ an American statistician. I suggested Mr. Shepard and Mr. Schutz of our bureau. He sent my card into the ~~to~~ Director, Dr.

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Rowe, who came out and shook hands, but excusing^{ed} himself for a committee meeting. I walked across to the Department of Agriculture. I ran through some mail. Signed up a lot of salary ~~xxx~~ receipts^t in advance so that the part of my salary paid by the department could be deposited in the bank. A representative of a railway company brought me a ticket through to Mexico City, with Pullman reservation to Kansas City. I walked up town and bought a new pair of shoes, got prints of the photographs taken at the farm, drew out \$1,100 from the bank and purchased \$900 of travelers checks. After luncheon I purchased a steamer roll. I spent the afternoon at the house packing up and arranging papers. Also had my fountain pen repaired. Wife had prepared an elegant supper. I could not help but smile at the appetite displayed by Thelma, who was growing into a tall, slender, bean-pole type of young woman. Her capacity for things she liked was ~~most unusual~~^{extraordinary}. After supper I played through the violin section of my collection of phonograph records.

Saturday, April 30, showers forenoon, clear afternoon. After breakfast I went to the office of the American Express and arranged that my wife could check against my credit account in the Rome office. Then I took wife and mother to the Center Market. It was noon when we returned. At the market I saw a display of fruits, vegetables, meats, and other foods such as I had seen nowhere in Europe. After luncheon I took Otis to a shop on G. St. and let him pick out a bicycle. He had been begging for one for several months. I had tried to dissuade him, pointing out that the congestion of automobile traffic on the streets made bicycle riding dangerous, that the only people who rode bicycles were telegraph messenger boys, that after he got a bicycle he would not want to ride it, and it was a useless expense. But his heart was set on having one. He said he would ride it to and from school,

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and besides he would take on a newspaper route and earn some money. Also, he insisted that all the other boys had bicycles. I asked him to name some of the boys with bicycles, and it appeared that "all the boys" dwindled down to just two that he could name. No doubt he got a lot of satisfaction in trundling a new bicycle home, but as a matter of fact he did little more than learn to ride it and then discarded it..

At the office I found my new passport~~s~~ ready with visas for the countries I was to visit. I made a round of visits in the bureau and department to say good by~~e~~ to my friends. On the way home I bought a pipe and some tobacco as a reserve when I should run out of cigars; also a box of candy for the family. Then I took Thelma to a ~~j~~ewelry Store on Pennsylvania Avenue and let her select a lady's wrist watch. She had long wanted one but had been good enough not to tease for it. She was delighted withⁱ. When we reached the house we found Emma Burton and her cousin from Richmond, who stayed about an hour. . We had a nice supper. Thelma and Otis had friends with them in the evening. I continued reading "Farmers of Forty Centuries." I was impressed by the statement that China had more than 200,000 miles of canals.

Sunday, May 1, clear and warm. Had a nice breakfast of buck-wheat cakes, country sausage, and maple syrup, and coffee. Otis was out with his new bicycle. Mother made some walnut candy. I read the Sunday papers and finished packing. In the afternoon I took the family for an automobile ride out through Bradley Hills to Cabin Johns and back by the speedway.

²
~~Monday~~, May 2, Left Washington for Kansas City.

(Note: My loose leaf shorthand diary from May 2 to 22 inclusive disappeared at Santiago de Cuba and the only record I have of this period is in the letters I wrote.)

~~(Wife, May 6, yellow folder.~~

and I wanted to make sure that the money was
 also, as I wanted that all the other boys had
 to have some of the boys with bicycles, and I
 "the boys" defined down to just two that he could
 got a lot of satisfaction in handling a new bicycle
 a matter of fact he did little more than
 finished it...

At the office I found my new newspaper ready with
 the countries I was to visit. I made a room of
 room and I went to my room. On the way home
 I bought a pipe and some tobacco as a reserve
 of cigars; also a box of candy for the family. When I
 to a jewelry store on Pennsylvania Avenue and I
 wrist watch. The man I wanted one but he had
 to leave for 15. The man called with me when we
 we found some buttons and a couple from Richmond, who
 in hour. We had a nice night. The man and
 from the evening. I continued reading "The
 I was impressed by the statement that China had
 miles of coastline.

Monday, May 1, clear and warm. Had a nice
 went out, mostly sunny, and a little rain. I
 out with his new bicycle. He had some
 the family papers and finished packing. In the
 family car an automobile also out through
 home and back by the agency.

Tuesday, May 2, left Washington for Kansas City.
 (Note: My last morning in May 2 to 31
 at this time in the letters I wrote.)
 (Note: My last morning in May 2 to 31
 at this time in the letters I wrote.)